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The Week-end Review

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THE LESSON OF NUREMBERG

The International Court at Nuremberg has dissipated any forebodings that it might be transformed by political pressure from a court of justice into a mere demonstration. The trial of the Nazi war criminals has been a genuine trial, and the verdict a true verdict based on a judicial study of the evidence laid before the Court. Each charge against each defendant has been scrupulously investigated, and, as the three acquittals amply testify, the Court has been merciful where there remained any element of doubt. Schacht and Papen have been acquitted by a majority verdict of the four crimes with which they were charged, but this does not free them or their like of responsibility for crimes which lay outside the jurisdiction of the Court.

In Nuremberg the legal professions of the four Great Powers have shown that, while the politicians bicker and the Service chiefs prepare for war, justice at least can be internationally administered. Indeed, apart from Unrra, this trial remains the one example of international co-operation since the war ended. For months on end, Russians and Americans, Englishmen and Frenchmen have worked together in very difficult conditions; and, despite profound national differences of tradition, they have developed in Nuremberg a common spirit to be found nowhere else in the world. The Russian judge has shown a welcome desire for unanimity; and his dissenting opinion is expressed in the form of an addition to the judgment. For this, very great credit is due to all concerned with the proceedings, but above all to Lord Justice Lawrence whose personality has dominated the courtroom since the trial began. We can as a nation be proud that at Nuremberg a pattern of international justice has been set in which the British principle that the burden of proof falls on the prosecution, not on the defence, has been accepted.

In reflecting on the verdict, we are impressed by the unique historical research on which it was based. The facts revealed at this trial should form the basis of public education on the nature of the modern State and the evils of totalitarianism not only in Germany but throughout the world. Never before have the inner ramifications of a State, the most intimate discussions of the politicians, and the secret plans of the Service chiefs, been so completely revealed. History, which in the past has usually apologised for failure and whitewashed crime, has at long last been permitted to reveal the inner workings of power politics, the real motives of the leaders of an aggressor nation, and the secrets of their plans.

Others beside the Nazi leaders might have collapsed when confronted with the secrets of their past. For Goering and his colleagues, the result was inevitable. The conspiracy as well as the crimes has been established beyond a shadow of doubt. This is the justification for accepting the dubious legality of trying men under a law passed subsequent to the commission of their crimes. A precedent in international law and morality has now been set which extends far beyond this particular instance of the Nazi war criminals. Indeed, the chief danger of the Nuremberg proceedings is that they may lead the world to believe that these eighteen men and the criminal organisations which they controlled were the sole perpetrators of war crimes and solely responsible for the war. That is a conclusion which many politicians will be only too anxious to reach. But a careful reading of the verdict does not substantiate it. The condemnation of these eighteen men does not acquit anyone else. Indeed, the evidence of their crimes makes even more glaring the sins both of omission and of commission of the individuals and governments which connived at their conspiracy up to the outbreak of the war. What has been revealed at Nuremberg makes the wildest assertions of the anti-Fascist critics of appeasement appear much less than the sober reality. The protagonists, both in the West and in the East, of an accommodation with Nazi Germany stand convicted by this verdict of collusion in a monstrous crime.

The true value of the Nuremberg trial is that it sets a standard of international conduct which condemns in varying degrees the politics of every great nation both before and after the second World War. If Keitel is guilty on Count Three so is any American or British Commander-in-Chief who knowingly prepares a campaign or a single operation which involves "wanton destruction and devastation." Who can doubt that the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, or the ostentatious preparation of bacteriological warfare, is such a crime? If Kaltenbrunner and Sauckel are condemned for the crime of "deportation and other inhumane acts committed against a civilian population," then any Russian official is also guilty who carried out similar orders in Poland. As each of the four judges read his allotted part of the verdict, he must have reflected on what other judges, equally inspired by a determination to enforce international law, might in the future say of a different group of defendants. A third world war, if it is permitted to occur, will no doubt be followed by an equally impeccable condemnation of the war criminals of the defeated countries. That war will only be prevented if the statesmen of every nation begin to apply the standard which the international Court has set at Nuremberg with equal severity to their own actions and those of their Service chiefs.

The Proof of the Pudding

The atmosphere of international good will which optimists detected on the morrow of Mr. Stalin's re-assuring interview has not lasted long. News that a further Russian Note has been dispatched to the Turkish Government, repeating the Soviet request for joint Russo-Turkish defence of the Straits, was followed by an announcement from the U.S. Navy Department that a powerful American fleet would be maintained indefinitely in Mediterranean waters. The Soviet Note contained a blunt warning that if Turkey, declining the Russian proposal, were to take military measures in the Straits in concert with the Anglo-American Bloc, such action would be considered to be in clear contradiction to the security interests of Black Sea Powers, within whose competence alone the Straits regime should be established. Apart from this hint, however, the Note was temperately worded and did not even reject the principle that the control of the Dardanelles should eventually be the subject of an international conference. Any such conference, it argued, must be preceded by free conversations between the Turkish and Soviet Governments. Reminding Turkey that the Montreux Convention had proved an ineffective barrier to the movement of hostile vessels into the Black Sea, the Note expressed the hope that, in view of her avowed desire to re-establish friendly relations with the Soviet Union, Turkey would recognise that a plan to guarantee the security of the Black Sea States would be a contribution to the consolidation of general peace. These arguments are unlikely to win acceptance either in Washington or London so long as the Dardanelles are regarded as a "point of pressure" against the U.S.S.R.

Deadlock in Paris

It is not only in the matter of the Dardanelles that there is no sign of a *détente* between the Anglo-American and Russian Blocs. In the Peace Conference at Paris the Sub-Commission on Trieste, having heard a declaration from Mr. Kardelj that the Yugoslav Government would not sign any Treaty based on the so-called French line in Istria, has failed to reach any agreement on the Constitution for the Free Territory of Trieste; and there is little reason to suppose that the differences will be solved in the Conference's plenary sittings. Equally irreconcilable are the standpoints of East and West with regard to the Danube. By eight votes to five the relevant Commission has voted for including in the draft treaty with Rumania a clause providing that Rumania and the other riparian States must attend a future conference to draw up a new international regime for the control of navigation and trade on the river. The dissentients, however, include Russia, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, and the majority is insufficient for the resolution to go forward with the force of a recommendation. Indeed, since presumably Bulgaria and Rumania both side with the Russian Bloc on this issue, the situation is that all the Danubian States are taking a common stand against Anglo-American interference in Danubian economy. Hostility to Western participation in control of the waterway has unhappily been increased by the Americans' retention at Passau of almost the whole of the river shipping belonging to the riparian States. This action, which is regarded in Prague, no less than in Belgrade, as economic blackmail, has done as much as anything to create antagonism to Britain and America in the Balkans.

New Approach?

Since the outlook at Paris is that the Peace Conference will leave nearly all the major issues unsettled, it is the more necessary that when the Foreign Ministers of the Big Four meet at the end of this month to tie up the loose ends, they should attempt a new approach to the whole problem of laying the foundations of peace. In his statesmanlike broadcast last Sunday, General Smuts warned his listeners that "although no one wants war to-day," he failed to see "the new spirit or temper of the world on which we can safely build any assurance of world peace in a more distant future." His appeal to the Great Powers to come together once more on a plane transcending the detailed divergences of the Paris Conference was timely. Like Henry Wallace, General Smuts clearly believes that, though we may be a long way off the establishment of world government, with the necessary abnegation of sovereignty which that would involve, there is no valid reason why ideological differences should stand in the way of practical co-operation for common functional purposes such as regulation of world food supplies and raw materials. So long as diplomatic exchanges are concerned solely with strategic bases and spheres of influence, relevant only if there is to be a third world war, the peacemakers will get nowhere. The tragedy is that none of the present disputes have got any bearing on the welfare of the common man. What are the Dardanelles to Durham? What is the status of Trieste to workers in South Wales?

WALLACE LETTER

At the request of many readers we are reprinting the Wallace Letter and the front page leader from last week's issue of the paper in leaflet form. It will be ready in a few days and may be purchased from us: 3*d.* for single copies; 2*s.* 6*d.* for twelve; 4*s.* for 25; 6*s.* for 50; 10*s.* for 100 and per hundred; post free. Address Publisher, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile. London, W.C.1.

De Gaulle and the Constitution

In his speech at Epinal, General de Gaulle seemed to steer a middle course between his ambition to become the Salazar of France and his realisation that, if he urged the electorate unconditionally to reject the Constitution which the Assembly has now approved, he would both split the M.R.P. (to the Left's advantage) and would make it impossible for himself to play any prominent part in the Fourth Republic. He criticised the new draft of the Constitution for failing, once again, to give the Head of the State a position "above Parties"; indeed, his conception of the State appeared to be unrepentently authoritarian. At the same time, he gave the impression of wishing to put himself on record as a critic of the Constitution, but not to mobilise outright opposition to it. The M.R.P. is busy dismissing de Gaulle's criticism as "theoretical"; and there seems every likelihood that the majority of the Party will join the Socialists and Communists in voting "Yes" in the Referendum. It is when the general election comes that the M.R.P. may find de Gaulle a liability. The General's demand for a strong executive to save France in a "hard and dangerous world where the ambitious grouping of the Slavs" is opposed to "young America," has prompted the Communist, M. Bonté, to declare that the General has put himself at the head of all the forces of reaction.

Labour Wins in Australia

The Australian Labour Party, confounding the prophets, has not only maintained its majority in the House and swept the Senate, but may also carry at least two of the three referenda which were simultaneously submitted to the electorate. If confirmed, this is surprising and important. It reveals a significant shift of opinion since 1943, when Labour won the election but lost the referendum. If these elections had produced a similar result, Mr. Chifley would have been seriously embarrassed, for his party would have to face another term of office without the powers it considers essential to carry through its programme. But the request for authority to deal with social services and to organise marketing on a national scale looks like securing a popular majority, and the more far-reaching right to regulate industry and commerce may even be conceded by a narrow margin. The Opposition, divided between the Liberal and Country parties, had little to offer but promises, especially of reduced taxation, which the electorate had the sense to distrust. Its attempt to cripple the Labour Party by calling for rejection of the referenda has also been more or less unsuccessful in spite of the traditional Australian dislike of entrusting too much authority to Canberra. The Labour Party, safely in power, will probably have to face increasing pressure from its own Left-wing and from the trade unions, three of which—the miners, engineers and foundrymen—have already filed a demand for wage increases ranging upwards from a pound a week.

Palestine and Egypt

On Tuesday Mr. Bevin, for the first time since he became Foreign Secretary, discussed the substance of the Palestine problem with Dr. Weizmann and his colleagues. The result is complete deadlock. Mr. Bevin, who seems genuinely unaware of the existence of a Jewish problem, made it clear that he is not prepared even to consider partition, thereby confirming the Jewish view that it was pointless for them to participate in the conference. Since the Arabs, in their latest plan, adhere firmly to the 1939 White Paper, the Government will be "forced" to maintain the *status quo* and attempt to re-establish the shattered authority of the Palestine administration. This may suit the plans of the Chiefs-of-Staff, but is the height of political folly. Immediately the issue seems to be whether General Barker shall be permitted to continue his attempt to re-establish "law and order" by destroying the life of the Jewish community. Even Mr. Bevin seems to think that this might be a mistake. The Conference is adjourned for ten weeks: Jews and Arabs will prepare meanwhile for the next round. Mr. Bevin's unwillingness to impose partition is having its inevitable effect in Egypt. Still in office, Sidky is being fiercely attacked by the nationalists, who are not unduly worried by the thought that the failure of the Treaty talks may threaten the position of the Pashas whose existence depends on British military support.

Man-Power and Agriculture

The refusal of the Agricultural Workers' Union to agree to the use of Polish labour on the farms cannot be taken as final, and is probably not so intended by the Union itself. As the Germans go home—and this journal has consistently urged the expediting of their release—a man-power crisis on the land will be quite unavoidable unless the gap is bridged for the time being by foreign workers from some other sources. In the longer run even increased food production in this country will probably not stop the decline in the total number of land workers; for the need to keep down costs will involve a great extension of mechanisation. But for some time to come agriculture will need a large supply of workers, because it will have to continue the wartime policy of high arable cultivation and mechanisation will be a slow business in face of competing demands for machinery and building labour. Since the Poles are here, and we seem to be unable to get rid of them, employment on the land is much the best way of using most of them—even if there are a small number who could be of greater use as miners. What the Agricultural Workers' Union is afraid of is, no doubt, that if the Poles are allowed to join the industry now, there may be a surplus of labour in a few years' time, or at any rate the bargaining power of the Union will be affected during the critical period of labour shortage that lies immediately ahead. The Union is demanding for agricultural workers wages and conditions—including housing conditions—as good as those of the towns; and their best chance of getting them lies in not acquiescing too readily in measures to relieve the shortage of labour. Besides, with rural houses as short as they are, any influx of workers will create serious problems in the villages. All the same, an influx there must be, either of Poles or of Englishmen; and that is a strong reason for insistence by the Agricultural Workers' Union on a housing drive for the countryside as well as for the favoured urban areas.

End of the Marriage Bar

At long last, the marriage bar in the Civil Service is to go. It ought, of course, to have been abolished very much sooner; but a number of high Civil Servants stood by it, as they stand by most obsolete things, and even now the Foreign Office is being allowed to keep its bad habits undisturbed. The ban was lifted in the case of teachers by the Education Act, and has also been removed by the L.C.C., the B.B.C., and a number of other bodies. In the Civil Service, it has not of course prevented the employment of a large number of married women during the war: and some of these will now presumably be eligible to join the permanent establishment. There has been for some time a discretionary power to allow highly-placed women of special expert knowledge to retain their jobs after marriage; but this power has been very sparsely used, and in any case has not applied to more than a very few of the many thousands of women in the Service. One ground of hostility to the change is that in the past retirements of women on marriage have resulted in quicker promotion for those who have not retired; so that the removal of the ban will be bound to have some adverse effect in this respect. This may lead to consequential demands from the trade unions in the Civil Service, which are often heard in peacetime to complain of the slowness of promotion even apart from this new factor. That disadvantage is, however, assuredly no reason for not welcoming the change. Great Britain from now on needs to think much less of finding openings for employment, except in special cases, than of finding enough people to fill the jobs that need doing. This applies fully as much to intellectual as to manual work—despite the existence at present of considerable numbers unplaced on the central professional register of the Ministry of Labour. The unplaced are mainly the older men released from war work or from the services, who are having to face a strong prejudice in industry against taking on older recruits—a prejudice which the changing age—composition of the whole population will force it to overcome pretty soon.

American Air Edition

This issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be available in New York on the date of publication. Hitherto, owing to the time taken in crossing the Atlantic, not many thousands of the 83,000 copies of this journal sold each week have been purchased by readers in the United States. We are now glad to announce that, as a result of negotiations begun early this summer, a new method of Transatlantic delivery has been worked out. Thanks to this remarkable feat of air organisation, some New Yorkers will henceforward be able to take their copy of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION home for the week-end, and it will be widely on sale in the United States by Monday at latest.

Anglo-American relations have been described as being, next to love, the most important thing in life. We believe that their improvement depends greatly on a fuller understanding of things British in the United States. There are many subjects of common interest between individuals of both nations. Millions of trade unionists in America are studying the present campaign here for the closed shop; and Bernard Shaw's birthday was celebrated with equal acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic. Our American readers will now have a better opportunity of following with insight developments in British literature, theatre and film. American contestants for our week-end competitions can now get their entries in on time; and to those interested in the question "The British, are they Human?" we commend our *This England* feature. Above all, those who are watching, sympathetically or critically, Britain's part in world politics, will gain, we hope, from our columns fresh knowledge of the stresses and motives behind action in that field.

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THE EXTRA PAGE

IN one way it has all been rather like Lewis Carroll's Caucus race, in which nobody won but everyone received a prize. Granted sufficient additional newsprint to add an extra page three times a week and to print enough extra copies to meet firm orders from newsagents, British newspapers have made intensive efforts to reach new targets of net sales, and all, or nearly all, have found their efforts rewarded. Comparatively few of the national dailies have yet published precise figures of increased circulation: caution doubtless suggested to managements that in the first week there might be a certain amount of optimistic over-ordering by distributors, or that the public appetite might flag after the first delight of no longer being confronted with "sold-out" signs. Indeed, reports suggest that gains made by D-day + 3 were not fully maintained on D-day + 7. It appears, however, that the first week of qualified freedom has resulted in an increase in the sales of London national dailies from about 13.5 million to nearly 15 million copies.

Of this global increase the largest share has been secured by the picture tabloid *Daily Mirror,* whose circulation has risen from 2.4 million to 2.9 million. Next comes the *Daily Express,* with an increase of 330,000 on a previous sale of 3.5 million. The other three members of the popular Big Five—*Mail, Herald* and *News Chronicle*—seem to have secured increases ranging from 120,000 to 150,000. At the other end of the scale —not of political importance but of newsprint consumption—the circulation of *The Times* has risen from 230,000 to about 275,000, an increase of over 20 per cent. The equally "political" *Daily Worker* has added about 4 per cent to a sale less than half that of *The Times.* The *Daily Telegraph,* whose readers seemingly appreciate an extensive news service, no matter how politically "angled," has gone up from 830,000 to approximately 1,000,000. For the *Daily Graphic* no figures are available.

There is no evidence so far to suggest that this increase in the circulations of the London national dailies has been offset by a drop in the sales of the provincial morning papers, of which 2.8 million copies were printed daily before the additional newsprint was granted. The conclusion, therefore, seems to be that there was a genuine and previously unsatisfied public demand for an extra ten per cent or more in the supply of morning newspapers, whose total sale (London and provincial) is now of the order of 18 million copies a day. This confirms the view, already expressed in these columns, that during the war many more women acquired the habit of ordering a morning newspaper for their own use, instead of waiting until their husbands brought his copy home in the evening. Add to this the reduction in the size of popular papers from an average of over 20 pages to a standard four-page daily; this meant that more than one paper was often required to kill the time spent by a worker between his home and office or factory. To what extent this factor will operate with six-page newspapers remains to be seen. Certainly the *Daily Mirror* appears successfully to be making good its ambition to be ordered as "the other paper."

The motives behind the present scramble for additional circulation are clear enough. On a day to be selected during the next three months newspapers will be given a fresh datum line based on their then established sales; subsequently, for an indefinite period ahead, their newsprint quotas will be once more fixed on that basis. Thus, even though there is reason to believe that in the case of very large circulations, such as that of the *Daily Express,* every 1,000 additional copies of a six-page paper represent a financial loss, with newsprint at over £30 a ton, it may be worth while to incur for the moment unprofitable expenditure in order to be able to justify a future increase in advertising rates based on a stabilised 4 million net sale.

From the over-riding point of view of the public interest, however, the question is not so much how many extra copies of mass-produced national dailies have poured from the presses as what the various newspapers—and particularly those whose circulation involves the consumption of an astronomical tonnage of imported newsprint—have done with their extra space.

In the case of *The Times* and *Telegraph,* there has been little or no change in emphasis—that is, in the apportionment of editorial space: the recipe appears to have been to give readers more of the same dish. The Big Five, however, have already demonstrated that their idea of the suitable contents of a six-page paper differs somewhat from the four-page editorial conception. It has, of course, to be noted that the first week of freedom was not a typical week so far as news is concerned. Parliament was not sitting, and the proceedings of the Paris Peace Conference had reached a point of repetitive wrangles which might fairly be regarded by news editors as boring to the man-in-the-street. Moreover, apart from a society *cause célèbre,* there was staged at the Old Bailey a murder trial which possessed the dual attractions of gruesome details for "the general" and something of the "caviare" of a real psychological problem for students of criminology. The fact, therefore, that the Heath trial was given space ranging from 3½ columns a day in the *News Chronicle* to 12 columns in the *Daily Mail,* should not lead critics of the sensational nature of the popular press to forget that in the following week the Big Five allotted equivalent space to the Nuremberg judgment.

Nevertheless, when due allowance is made for the incidence of particular news items, the general impression which is derived from a cursory study of the Big Five in their enlarged size is that Features have increased proportionately more than News, and that sports news has been given priority over news of more serious import. For example, in the *News Chronicle,* which previously devoted less than a page to sport, sport now occupies a whole page of the six-page issue, plus two additional columns of a special Sports Diary; and though this paper has enlarged its summary of foreign news and is giving more space to letters from readers, it is also prominently displaying feature articles designed to attract women. In its rivals this trend is still more apparent. Additional foreign news has been largely snippets. More space has been given to Features, particularly those "from the woman's angle"; more columns have been devoted to sport; picture serials of a type attractive only to the adolescent mind have been introduced on the *Mail* and *Express;* and though the new Features run by the *Herald* (including an intelligent political gossip column) have been commendably more adult in nature, judgment on the Big Five as a whole must be that, in so far as added newsprint allowed, they have tended to revert to pre-war type. They have, in fact, done singularly little to substantiate the case which they made for more newsprint—that additional columns were required to give the British public adequate information about serious world developments.

As was to be expected, the proportion of advertising space in the enlarged papers—particularly that allotted to advertisements addressed to women readers—has risen. Whereas before the war advertisements normally occupied over 40 per cent of the total space in the London morning papers, the ratio had fallen early this year to under 15 per cent. There is thus a considerable margin between the present ratio and the (now permitted) 40 per cent. How far advertisers will be willing to take up space at present rates, enormously increased as compared with 1938, is problematic; and there is reason to believe that advertisers are disposed to view critically increases in mass sales secured by the further vulgarisation of reading matter.

If the Big Five's present gain can be maintained, and if there is a proportionate increase in the provincial newspapers controlled by the Kemsley, Northcliffe, and Westminster Press combines, newspaper circulations in this country should be approaching saturation point. But will the "access to knowledge" which the newspaper proprietors promised to provide, if they were given more newsprint, be furnished by a press whose idea of using its enlargement appears to be to revert more or less to the pre-war blend of sensations and trivialities? Grant that, among the Big Five, the *Herald* and *News Chronicle* have shown signs of desire to treat their readers as adults. Even they, as commercialised popular papers, are enslaved to the strange Fleet Street economy under which advertising revenue, dependent on mass sales, has to subsidise newspapers sold for less than they cost to produce. The mass-circulation papers will have to do better if the claims of newsprint imports are to have priority over food and other essential raw materials in competition for Britain's limited supplies of foreign exchange.

UNRRA AND POWER POLITICS

UNRRA went into the peace, as Britain went into the war, without a clear strategy or organisation. At an early stage it was planned with the idea that it would actually distribute supplies and organise welfare services, as relief agencies did after the last war. But this was never necessary, as Unrra had to operate through the governments which composed its Council; nor was it possible, because the actual volume of supplies has been too large to be handled except through State machinery, however defective this has been in some countries. The 1919 "soup kitchen" conception of relief quickly gave way to the modern type of supply organisation, whose chief job is procurement, shipping, and "justifying" requirements to the Combined Boards. The Missions in the field have shed their fringe of angels of mercy and black marketeers, and are now mainly agencies for assessing needs, checking arrivals, observing distribution, and giving instructions on the technical use of supplies. Unrra in peace, as Britain in war, evolved its own strategy and organisation in the course of the struggle, and has achieved more than anyone who knew it in its early stages could have believed possible.

At the moment it is the only effective international agency in which there is genuine and practical co-operation between America, Britain and Russia. It is not efficient by British Civil Service standards, since it is overpaid and at points over-staffed. But in an international organisation British administrative standards will never be enforceable. To-day efficiency in an international organisation means the power to work together to deliver the goods, and this Unrra has achieved, mainly because it has concentrated on quite specific objectives of an immediately practical kind. That appears to be the way in which international co-operation can develop, rather than on wider issues.

For these reasons Unrra has really been able to deliver the goods—ten million tons of supplies, mainly food, textile raw materials, coal, agricultural equipment. It has provided several countries with their pre-war volume of imports. For five countries last winter—Italy, Greece, Poland, Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia—these supplies were the chief factor preventing starvation. Unrra did not feed Europe well, but it did guarantee a calory intake around 1,500 per day. In Austria, starvation has not been avoided, mainly because the military handed over to Unrra before it had secured sufficient food allocations from the Combined Boards. Food has been all-important, but at every point in the process of recovery—trucks, tractors, typhus vaccines—Unrra supplies have been decisive.

Yet Unrra is to cease. No one pretends that this is because its work is done. If it ends, four countries at least will face starvation at some date early in 1947—Italy, Greece, Poland, Austria. Others, Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, where grain production has partly recovered, may get by on a very low level of diet, dangerously short of proteins and fats. As for reconstruction, distinct from relief, Unrra's work has hardly begun. At first, procurement of industrial equipment was necessarily slow, because exact specifications take time to get, and it is only now that the provision of rolling stock, cranes, road repair equipment, is under way. Another year of Unrra supplies would mean that transport and essential relief services could get back to something approaching normal.

Nor is the work of agricultural reconstruction anywhere near complete. Although Unrra delivered last autumn very useful quantities of tractors, seeds and fertilisers, the quantities of livestock supplied have been minute in relation to the need; with the acute shortage of fodder last autumn it would have been far too risky to put in more. Everywhere draught power is still the main factor limiting recovery. In Poland last year three million hectares of land remained unsown; in Bosnia peasants were ploughing without livestock, themselves drawing the plough. If Unrra could provide another programme of agricultural supplies to give an impetus to the Spring sowing of 1947, it might end the European food shortage. At the moment what is needed is to get every acre sown, not to draw up long-term T.V.A. plans for the Danube.

Given another year of Unrra supplies, the European economy might get back to normal by 1947, so far as the essential crop production and transport is concerned. Livestock will take longer, but the rate of recovery could be much hastened. Why, then is Unrra ending? If another 1 per cent. of the national income is too much to ask from the member countries, why not propose a lower contribution of say, ½ or ¼ of 1 per cent., to enable Unrra to carry on till the critical harvest of 1947? The answer is, of course, power politics. Throughout Unrra's existence two conceptions of relief have struggled for mastery—the first, the United Nations idea of relief according to need, and the second, the 1919 idea of relief as a political weapon, to intervene in internal political affairs or to increase the political prestige of the supplying country. On the whole, the first has dominated. Unrra has been genuinely international. It has come into conflict with the Combined Boards, which have at times attempted to divert supplies on political grounds. Unrra has not been able to avoid some misuse of supplies in the receiving countries, where the black market is not under control, but these are relatively minor abuses compared to the high-level large-scale political use of supplies which would have prevailed if the Combined Boards—or Mr. Hoover—had had their way.

The decision to liquidate Unrra can only be interpreted as a lapse back to the idea of relief as a power politics weapon. Presumably it is now intended by the State Department and the Foreign Office to continue relief only to the countries where British and American interests predominate, to Italy and Greece, and to Austria, and to exclude Poland, Jugoslavia, Czechslovakia. This is a decision which cannot be justified on humanitarian, political or economic grounds. On humane grounds, it is utterly indefensible to cut off relief supplies to Eastern Europe. Remember that in Jugoslavia still one child out of two in the western half of the country has tuberculosis, that in Poland 78 per cent. of the students are affected by tuberculosis in various stages. To cut off relief means that essential health services are cut down. To give one example among many, it means in Jugoslavia that Dr. Barron's plastic surgery unit, which has done a miraculous series of operations in a Belgrade hospital, cannot complete its work for lack of funds and equipment for an after-treatment home for blind and orthopaedic cases. On political grounds, it is indefensible, in the present state of international relations, to liquidate any organisation which has achieved real Great Power co-operation even in a limited sphere. Finally, on economic grounds, it is indefensible, because it means that the only instrument to hand for fostering trade between the zones is gone, since Unrra is the only agency which has achieved some international trade—Polish coal to Jugoslavia, Czech potatoes to Austria, for example. It is obviously desirable to carry this sort of exchange much further, and not to continue relief supplies indefinitely without requiring receiving countries to make what surpluses they have available for relief elsewhere. But on a purely bilateral basis of relief, that cannot be done: it must be done internationally.

But who is to do it, if Unrra ends? There are proposals in the air for other bodies to take over, F.A.O., for instance, or the Economic Commission for Europe, which would be most desirable, if they had the funds and the machinery of procurement, as now they have not. It is money that matters, and immediate power to procure, because buying must begin now if supplies are to arrive by next Spring, which is the critical time. It is disastrous to delay while committees sit and new staffs are recruited.

What is needed, is that the British Government, at the coming UNO Assembly should propose:

(1) That Unrra itself should continue, with a ½ of 1 per cent. contribution, at least till the spring of 1947, when F.A.O. and the Economic Commission may be ready to take over.

(2) That for the period a new series of relief agreements should be made with each receiving country, in which it agrees to deliver what surpluses are available for relief elsewhere.

(3) That if Unrra cannot continue for this interim period, then the Economic Commission must be immediately given power to procure supplies, and must be so constituted that supplies continue to be allocated to receiving countries in broad relation to needs, and not merely to those whose policy accords with the foreign policy of the main supplying powers.

Once the Unrra pipe line breaks down, the hope of restarting trade, or initiating long term reconstruction plans will become very remote, and may vanish completely, together with the United Nations conception, before the long term reconstruction agencies can get under way.

DOREEN WARRINER

JUDGMENT DAY

So fall the idols of the German herd,
  Betrayers and destroyers of mankind;
The Third Reich, founded on the Führer's word,
  Is with a word to infamy consigned.
The Reich on multitudinous murders built
Upon their shoulders loads its monstrous guilt.
  They die, but do they leave no trace behind?

Were not these sorry shadows loved, and feared,
  And almost universally admired?
Their State applauded, and their strength revered
  As they built up the Reich that they desired?
Who dare assert their evil did not spread?
Who dare pretend none followed where they led
  When they against the common peace conspired?

They with their empire pass into the dark,
  But now their conquerors, at least in thought,
Upon preventive massacre embark;
  Their victors have embraced the creed they taught.
They stand condemned: their arms have not prevailed.
They have been judged; who dare say they have failed?
  They justly die. But they have left their mark

The mighty Wehrmacht weapons rot and rust;
  Their torches are all out; the flags they bore,
Bedraggled rags, lie in dishonoured dust,
  Their armament will shake the earth no more.
But these, whose deeds humanity degrade
Have to their ruthlessness new converts made.
  Their war was lost. But who bans total war?

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

We have been promised again and again that the Government is going "to do something" about the Colonies. This week apparently it has done it. The new Colonial Development Council consists of Lord Portal, Sir William Goodenough, Chairman of Barclays, Sir Graham Cunningham of Triplex Glass and the Ministry of Supply, and Sir Bernard Bourdillon, a retired colonial governor; in addition, presumably as a Socialist make-weight to these "non-political" Tories, we have Mr. Benstead of the N.U.R. and Sir Drummond Shiels, who was Parliamentary Secretary to the Colonial Office for a few months in 1931. I am sure that they are all eminently respectable and will get on excellently with Mr. Hall. But consider their task. Africa and the Far East are in a turmoil and nothing but the boldest and most imaginative action can prevent native risings in many Colonies. We have scores of young men who, during the war, learnt the problem at first hand, realise the danger and would give the Colonial Secretary sleepless nights if he ever listened to them. Perhaps that is why none of them have been selected.

* * *

Several people have told me that it was a political mistake to acquit Papen and Schacht. I can't help feeling that this sort of attitude turns Nuremberg into pure hypocrisy. The task of the judges was to give a verdict on the charges, whether the verdict was politically expedient or not. If anyone made a political mistake it was not Lord Justice Lawrence but the prosecution which selected Papen and Schacht for trial. The real trouble is that there are two conflicting ideas of the purpose of international justice. The Russian dissenting judgment implies that total war should be followed by total justice. The Nazi system is condemned and so, automatically, every individual prominently associated with it is guilty. But in that case why waste months on sifting the evidence in a formal trial? The real logic of total justice is prolongation of war by a purge until all the leading Nazis are liquidated. The British conception has been that it is possible, apart from condemning the Nazi system, to pin personal responsibility on certain individuals, and that the purpose of the Nuremberg trial was precisely to discover which Nazis were personally responsible for the common conspiracy and which were not. If you accept the British concept, each case must be tried on its merits and prisoners must be acquitted if they are not proved guilty under any of the four Counts. My own feeling is that no impartial court could have found Fritsche guilty on any Count without implying that every other official who carried out instructions was equally guilty. The German Propaganda Ministry was treated with as much *hauteur* as our own Ministry of Information, and Fritsche was no nearer the Cabinet than Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart. Schacht and Papen are much more difficult cases. None of the other prisoners, including Goering, was as much responsible for Hitler's coming to power as these two men. But this was a crime against the German people which could only be tried in a German Court, just as Papen's behaviour in Vienna is really a matter for the Austrians. I am not much impressed by the argument that their acquittal is an implied acquittal for German industry and high finance. Funk and Speer have both been condemned, and there is really no doubt that Papen and Schacht, for whatever motives, did in fact quarrel with the Nazi leadership.

* * *

The extremely disturbing statement published by the German Social-Democrats last Saturday makes the cheery optimism of Mr. Hynd's speeches in Berlin and Vienna sound very odd. For some months now, active British support has been given to the S.P.D., including election speeches by British Socialists carried by the B.B.C. But it is now clear that the Social-Democrat leaders are acutely embarrassed by this support. In default of any specifically Socialist policy from London, the economic amalgamation of the British and American zones in Germany must in their view lead to the rebuilding of the great trusts, possibly with somewhat larger participation by British and American interests. No German working-class leader with any sense of either principles or expediency can give his support to this sort of solution of the economic crisis. The Social-Democrats know quite well that the United Socialists in the Russian Zone, despite the popularity of the land reform, lost working-class support in the industrial areas owing to their readiness to assist the Russians in removing essential factories to Russia and taking most of the output of the remainder for reparations. They have drawn the conclusion that if they line up behind the business men of the Christian Democrat party, and carry out a trustification of German industry under Anglo-American control, they too will forfeit the leadership of the German working-class, and they have had the courage to say this quite bluntly to the British authorities. The moral is fairly clear. It is no good offering to support German Social-Democracy, or for that matter Austrian Socialists, unless our policy in Germany and Austria is at least as Socialist as it is at home. At the moment it certainly isn't.

* * *

The T.U.C.'s attitude to John Strachey's decision to give the miners an extra meat ration seems to me very unreasonable. Since there is not enough meat for an increase of the ration all round, I can see nothing wrong with the principle of a differential ration which really helps production. After all, if there is a coal shortage this winter, every worker will be threatened with unemployment. Instead of protesting against the principle, the T.U.C. might have been wiser to consider whether there are not other classes of worker who should also receive a special increase. There is, for instance, a very strong case to be made out for the extra ration to foundry workers. Months ago I mentioned that heavy castings would become a serious bottleneck. Last week I was talking to one of the leading men in the machine tool industry, and he tells me that the position is nearly desperate. Some months ago an attempt was made to apply direction of labour, but this has been completely unsuccessful. The number of men in the industry is dwindling, and so is the number of apprentices, with the result that the machine tools without which reconversion is impossible are just not being made. Foundry work, like mining, is extremely dirty and unpleasant as well as being highly skilled. In the Midlands, where there is an acute labour shortage, the men returning from the Forces can get more money for much pleasanter work and are not prepared to go back to the foundries without some special inducement. An increased meat ration might help in the short run, but I am sure that the real solution would be the establishment in an area like South Wales of a model foundry on the lines of that at Cincinnati.

* * *

Two members of the Saunders family have kindly satisfied my curiosity as to those commemorated in the quaintly worded wall-tablet in Tetbury Church. Now scattered over Yorkshire, Devon, Shropshire and Gloucestershire (the last would be the Tetbury branch), the family has had various distinguished members. One, Robert Saunders, is recorded as having fought gallantly under Cromwell at the siege of Drogheda; and Admiral Sir Charles Saunders commanded the fleet in the St. Lawrence which made it possible for Wolfe to capture Quebec. He, I am informed, is buried next to Wolfe in the Abbey in a grave unmarked till a few years ago when the Wolfe Society put an inscription on it. By the "particulars the last day will disclose" is meant, I conclude, not (as I cynically suspected) the present habitat of dead and buried Saunders', but more probably the record of the family's distinctions which, incidentally, appear to include the persistence of marked characteristics of nose, eyes and jaw. Another possible explanation, however, is that only on the Day of Judgment would it be known for certain how the family originated and how it got its crest—three elephants' heads issuing out of a mural crown. According to one of my correspondents, the founder of the family was a Graf of Innsbruck who married a Danish princess and obtained the right to use an old Danish coat of arms as his crest. His grandson, Sir Harloven Saunders, according to this version, came to England in the reign of Henry II. My other correspondent, Canon T. B. A. Saunders, tells me that the Tetbury branch of the family cherishes the legend of descent from the Hapsburgs; an exiled brother or nephew of Emperor Rudolf I is said to have settled at Tetbury under the name of Sir Harloven Saunders—Saunders being either a contraction of Sondershausen (Homeless) or taken from the Hapsburg domain of Sondershausen in Switzerland. The Canon adds that the coat of arms dates probably from the overhauling of heraldry in the 15th and 16th century, when many families enterprisingly adopted Alexander the Great as founder. Saunders being perhaps thought to be a variant of Alexander (? Sandy), the heads of the animals which Alexander used in battle were regarded as appropriate. I leave it to more learned readers to pursue this genealogical and heraldic riddle.

Polycritic

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to J. M. M. MacPhail.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

He was anxious that the best man should be appointed, but, when it came to the last lap, he sat back and ceased to worry, leaving the matter to the Holy Ghost, because of the three names on the list, as far as they could humanly judge, each one of them would have made a good headmaster of any higher grade school. But the Holy Ghost led them to Mr. Monaghan, and, whether they liked it or not, they would have to put up with him. —*Lennox Herald.*

Mr. Frank Lawton said that his clients made no profit from the serving of food, and had not encouraged it, but it was difficult to tell a marchioness that she could not have a cup of tea.—*Daily Mail.*

Opinions differ as to why we are having so much rain. I think it is because we are trying to hinder the Will of God in not allowing the Jews to return to their own land.—Letter in *Glasgow Evening News.*

Three months ago my husband bought a new motor-cycle with the registration letters HLT. We have typed out a list of serial numbers HLT, 1 to 1,000, and have set ourselves the task of finding all cars, motor-cyles and lorries with numbers beginning HLT.

To me this form of "coppism" is far more interesting than hunting for trains.—Letter in *Daily Mirror.*

None of you make it very clear to me why you want a villager like me to go to church. Why should I? To worship God? This seems a heathen sort of idea.—Letter in *Countryman.*

Ex-soldier, fined £1 at Chatham yesterday, for stealing food from Chatham barracks, said he had spent such a long time in the Army that it had become a habit.—*Daily Graphic.*

Clifford Beechner, National Hunt jockey, wrote to Market Harborough magistrates admitting a motoring offence and enclosed tips for two big races.—*News Chronicle.*

JAPAN UNDER CONTROL

[The first part of this article appeared last week.]

It is open to question whether the democracy in Japan at which General MacArthur's early directives appeared to aim was compatible with the retention of the Tenno-sei or Emperor-system. Admittedly he has shorn away much of the divinity surrounding the Son of Heaven. He has abolished Shinto as a state religion (although it must be remembered that there are big discrepancies between Tokyo orders and the manner in which prefectural authorities carry them out), and he forced the Emperor publicly to deny his divinity. What would have been *lèse majesté* a year ago to-day passes unheeded. Palace guards have become fractious, red flags have invaded the Palace grounds and agitators have forced the priests of the Ise Shrine, the home of the Sun Goddess herself, to release hoarded food.

Before the General Election Hirohito paid visits to various factories and chatted with workers, but while this was well received by the country press, the Communists were free to write, "the Emperor and all other war criminals should be banned from carrying out such a pre-election campaign". At the end of May, when the food situation was becoming serious, Hirohito made a broadcast of such futility that the whole press was dismayed. It showed about as much appreciation of the plight of the people as Marie Antoinette did when she advised them to eat cake. The *Asahi* reported that the public was very disappointed with the broadcast and that the Emperor evidently still lacked capable advisers. For the first time a newspaper, the Tokyo *Mimpo*, published a cartoon of the Emperor, depicting him without arms, standing before the microphone, and the caption was: "All that is left is a mouth to eat and make speeches." Nevertheless, as various small Gallup polls have indicated, a plebiscite now would show a very small percentage of the population in favour of a Republic, although if the Emperor is allowed to go on making speeches like his last one that percentage will rapidly increase.

Closely linked up with this question is the new constitution, which has just been passed by the Lower House. For months the various political parties had been trying their hands at making drafts, the Government draft being entrusted to Dr. Matsumoto, when suddenly like a bolt from the blue this new draft appeared with the double blessing of the Supreme Commander and the Emperor. Although Soviet writers, believing it to be the work of "the Shidehara bureaucrats", have called it "nothing but the old reactionary constitution of 1889 with a slight touch of democratic camouflage", the Japanese press was surprised to find it much more liberal than they would have expected from Matsumoto, the Emperor retaining less political power than the British monarch has.

The story told by Central News is more interesting than the Soviet version. According to it, MacArthur himself is the *deus ex machina*, the whole draft, including the extraordinary provision abolishing war as a sovereign right of the nation, having been written by himself and Brigadier-General Whitney in two weeks, without any reference to the Far Eastern Commission, after the Matsumoto draft had been scrapped and Matsumoto himself purged. Certainly in thought and expression it is more American than Japanese.

The hypocritical way in which it was represented as a Japanese product and the speed with which it was rushed through the Diet was probably MacArthur's method of ensuring the retention of the Emperor, by presenting the Far Eastern Commission with a *fait accompli*. Rumour says that the bargain made with the politicians was food imports in return for the constitution.

Two other fundamental problems demand solution if Japan is to become a normal, healthy nation instead of the monstrosity she has been till now. One is the disposal of the Zaibatsu, or giant family trusts, and the other is agrarian reform. At the beginning of his reign MacArthur announced "the dissolution of the Zaibatsu is a primary step in the democratisation of Japan's life", but beyond accumulating data showing how they were able to make vast fortunes out of the war, little else has been accomplished. His plan is to compensate the families with government bonds and then, through a Holding Company Liquidation Commission, offer their shares to the general public. A disquieting factor is that the solvency of many of the subsidiary companies—mostly munitions works—depends on payment of war damage claims, and S.C.A.P. has not yet made it clear whether it favours such payments. Further, the international connections of some of these concerns make one doubtful whether S.C.A.P. can really succeed in eliminating them.

The Allied Council in Tokyo turned down a proposal by the Soviet delegate, General Derevyenko, that the lands of the great landowners—most of whom are war criminals anyhow—should be confiscated as they have been in the Soviet zone of Korea and distributed to tenant farmers. Subsequently a modified land reform programme was agreed to by the Allied Council, but was rejected by MacArthur. All that has been done is to pass a law making rents payable in money instead of in rice and compelling non-producing landlords to sell their land at fixed prices. Critics have pointed out that the second measure would enable landlords to unload their property at a time of inflation on their already debt-ridden tenants and later avail themselves of distress sales. In the meantime, unrest grows in the cities because peasants refuse to make rice deliveries, and more and more food is being imported from America. Having rejected the "hard" policy of drastic land reform, MacArthur has had to adopt the "soft" policy of spoon-feeding.

Perhaps I shall be accused of being too sympathetic to the Japanese in these articles. Certainly even the common people have some measure of responsibility for the war, and S.C.A.P. has rightly forced the press and the radio to report a true history of the war and of Japanese atrocities. But I know enough of the old Japan to realise that the people had very little chance.

When one views as a whole the past year of occupation, it seems that, with the worsening of American-Soviet relations a marked change (which can be dated about May, 1946) occurred in MacArthur's attitude towards "democratisation" of Japan, just as it did in U.S. policy towards China, Korea and the Philippines. He evidently began to wonder what would happen if Japan, instead of continuing "the wise middle course" approved by S.C.A.P., moved more to the Left. The May Day demonstrations, in which a million participated, were extremely orderly, but Atcheson, the U.S. delegate on the Allied Council, who is so rabidly anti-Soviet that with him even the simplest matter becomes an ideological wrangle, tried to make the petition which the Tokyo demonstrators handed to S.C.A.P. into a second Zinoviev letter. During the course of what was called Food May Day, on May 19th, there were minor disorders which gave MacArthur an excuse to warn the people that "while every possible rational freedom of democratic method was permitted. . . . the physical violence which undisciplined elements are now beginning will not be permitted to continue". Since then, the Japanese Government, on MacArthur's instructions, has issued an order against sit-down strikes, and there has been an all-round "tightening up" against the Left.

The result is that, with the "purge" begun last January now more or less suspended, the original genuine up-surge of popular democratic enthusiasm has been largely aborted. Rumours spread by interested parties of the imminence of conflict between Russia and America have been exploited by reactionary elements to their own advantage. There is still a large Fascist section in Japan that would be only too delighted to be asked to form a legion of mercenaries to help America fight the Soviet Union.

Yet the political ground gained by the Japanese people in the early months of the occupation still counts for something. It was as if a blast of fresh air had suddenly been let in to an entombed people. My mind goes back to the early 'thirties, when every month one or two of my students—often the brightest boys—would disappear into the clutches of the political police and never return to the classroom. I remember watching the May Day procession in 1931 where the police arrested one after another of the bystanders who dared to wave to the column marching into Ueno Park; but even though scores were arrested, others continued to wave. I remember the continuous atmosphere of fear when every night for four years I expected the police to come to my house, until it was almost a relief when they did come. Later in the police cells I saw how the fortitude of the boy and girl "thought offenders" shed a radiance that affected even the most besotted dope-pedlars and gangsters imprisoned with them. In particular I shall never forget a young Korean, a leader of the Korean Free Labourers' Union, who for eleven months had been allowed no soap, no exercise, and was so weakened by every conceivable torture that he had to grasp the bars to totter to the lavatory, yet still had enough courage to smile and whisper to me as I went to my examinations, "Doshi, gambarre!" "Comrade, stick it out!"

Democracy in Japan may still be half-fledged, and the latest developments of MacArthur's method of interpreting America's imperialist mission may hardly conduce to its further growth. Nevertheless, the oppressed Japanese peasants and workers have been shown the possibilities of political and economic freedom, and will not lightly be persuaded to give up the hopes they were at first encouraged to hold.

MAX BICKERTON

VISIT TO SPAIN

Shortly before dawn on September 14th I was awakened in my hotel room in the Alhambra at Granada by the sound of passing lorries. Half an hour later I heard a volley of shots and shortly afterwards the cars descending. Later I learned that two Republican political prisoners had been shot against the cemetery wall. There had been no public trial; there was, as far as I could ascertain, no announcement of the execution. A few days later in Malaga a shopkeeper visiting his farm in the mountains was murdered, allegedly by Republicans hiding in the hills. This would serve as excuse for a round up of the so-called "bandits," and I was told a round up means shooting at sight. Such is the political situation in Spain. It is not politics but fratricide. Hatred and revenge predominate, and if civil war comes to Spain again it will be mass murder.

Spain to-day is experiencing all the worst characteristics of Fascism without any of its shop window achievement. No one knows how many are imprisoned, and those I met who had been released were virtually under house arrest; the regime was playing cat and mouse with them. There is more political discussion than there was, but only in safe places; it pays to inform and there are at least six different forms of secret police. Nonetheless there is much grumbling against the regime, which appears to be most unpopular with the vast majority. This is not only because of the complete absence of all liberty, but because of the frightful living conditions. Spain always had the very rich and the very poor; but to-day, while the former still thrive, there is real starvation. Even those in work cannot live on the official rations, and wages are insufficient to buy enough in the black market. The unemployed—and there are many, as those guilty of political offences are deprived of work cards—cannot even afford the inadequate rations.

Unskilled workers receive about seven pesetas a day, skilled up to double that amount. Official rations, when I was in the South, were one-eighth of a litre of oil a week, less than half a pound of sugar a month, a pound of potatoes a month; of chick peas, the staple food, less than half a pound a month; and of bread, three to six ounces a day, but it was not always obtainable. To supplement these meagre rations all must buy in the black market, where bread costs from 7 to 15 pesetas a kilogram—a day's wage for a two-pound loaf—and beans 12 to 15 pesetas a kilogram. Unrationed foods are, of course, obtainable only at similarly high prices, meat being 30 pesetas a kilogram and milk, which is very difficult to get, 4 pesetas a litre. This situation rules despite Spain's ability to feed herself. Only a proportion of her production reaches the official markets; the balance finds its way to the black market, which is largely operated by the Falange and the military. The Church also exploits the food situation, in some places distributing milk to children and pregnant mothers provided Mass is attended. Housing conditions are equally intolerable. Even close to Madrid, people can be seen living in caves, as do the gypsies in Granada, and many more live in the filthiest shacks imaginable. What little housing has been provided goes to those favoured by the Falange.

Spain cannot continue in this state of political and economic bankruptcy. But it is very difficult to see how she can emerge from it without outside help. All sections are united in opposition to the regime, but are disunited as to the action necessary to rid the country of Franco, and as to the alternative to him. Only the Falange, some Conservatives and the military—though not all of the latter—appear to support him. The Falange is in a minority in the Government, but is still powerful throughout the country, holding key posts everywhere. The Republicans in the hills, and the Socialists generally, are working together through secret committees for democratic unity, and to an extent work with the Communists. They support the Giral Provisional Government because it is the only present hope, but it does not inspire that confidence necessary to rally all Spain to united action. Some of Giral's statements have revealed a sad unawareness of conditions within Spain. Negrin's prestige appears high. For similar reasons there is little support for the monarchy; it is not considered that its restoration would bring stable government to Spain, or even rid it of Fascism.

How then can Franco and his hateful regime be driven out? Interference from outside is a delicate problem. Spanish pride resents unilateral action. The closing of the frontier by France had the unfortunate result of temporarily enhancing Franco's popularity. Any action that appears to be instigated by Russia is equally resented because Spain is essentially anti-Communist. The only possibility is agreed action by the United Nations; that would be important and powerful enough to satisfy Spanish dignity. If there could be set up, with the full support of Uno, a Provisional Government in exile, more comprehensive and more representative of Spanish opinion than the Giral Government, with a clearly defined programme, it might win sufficient support in Spain to unite the opposition and give it confidence to act. Its programme would have to include the dissolution of the Falange; the curbing of the political power of the Church, Spain's worst enemy; the restoration of liberty, including of course the re-establishment of political parties, followed by preparation of genuine election registers; and, after a sufficient period of political re-education, elections.

Given a Government-in-Exile with such an initial programme for ridding Spain of Fascism and restoring liberty, the United Nations might be able to exert sufficient pressure on Franco to oust him. If not, then other measures would have to be resorted to and would probably gain the support of the Spanish people, many of whom resent the failure of the Allies to finish the war against Fascism by intervening in Spain immediately Germany was defeated. So low has Spain sunk that she asks that we do at least as much for her as we have done to Greece, but to a different end. In any case, a three weeks' legitimate visit to Spain provides sufficient evidence to convince me that nothing less than immediate action by the United Nations can save Spain from the misery and tyranny under which she writhes to-day.

ERNEST DAVIES

THE C.A.S.

In the current issue of *Horizon* a number of writers have answered a questionary about the economics of their profession. They generally agree that a "serious" author is most unlikely to make from his books—at any rate until he is well into middle age—the income he requires; and that, if he seeks help from "secondary occupations", these will demand a damaging proportion of his time and energy. (Alas for the days when dons and civil servants and clergymen could enjoy almost a sinecure!) "The euthanasia of the rentier" threatens strangling at birth to literature, for a high proportion of our best writers have depended for their bread and butter in their earlier years upon a small private income. Moreover, in the United States, publishing is becoming an affair of mass production, so that already some houses will accept no work unless there appears some prospect of it enjoying a large sale, and who knows whether this may not happen here? Some form of help from the ever more powerful and exacting State seems the only hope, but can it be expected that the State will encourage unconditionally creatures that are as critical, independent and even rebellious as most good writers have shown themselves?

A similar questionary addressed to painters would result in equally dismal conclusions. While a few portrait painters can compete with fashionable surgeons, if not with company promoters, in the value set upon their services by the society in which we live, very few good artists can gain by painting or sculpture enough to support a family. Their chief resort is to teaching—not that this is well paid. But who is going to buy pictures?

At present there are more painters than persons who buy pictures. One trouble is that men and women, totally devoid of imagination, who in earlier ages would have very usefully painted china or furniture, now devote themselves pathetically to easel-pictures, either from conceit or because they know not what else to do. During the last few years, I must add, painting has been selling deceptively well, largely because it has been impossible to spend money on clothes, motor cars or travel. But as these become again available, the boom may become a slump. And then where, the question recurs, is the painter to look for patronage?

Until some sixty years ago the rich bought pictures, like jewels and carriages, as a part of the apparatus required by their position. Gradually they ceased to do so, partly because the pictures bought by their Victorian parents had proved such a lamentable investment. And in this century very few rich men, whether of the territorial or of the manufacturing class, have spent any considerable sum upon contemporary art. The chief patrons of the painter have been professional men, barristers, civil servants, writers. To-day these are so heavily taxed that their usefulness as patrons is declining. Yet the painter, more than ever, because of risen prices, requires to sell most of his production if he is to keep his family alive. Since the State takes so large a proportion of the money that people could (but too seldom did) spend upon pictures, it can reasonably be expected to help. And Mr. Dalton this year made a grant—the first time this has happened—to the Tate Gallery. Everyone who cares for painting must be grateful for this most useful sign of good will, but one may note that this grant (which amounted altogether to the amount paid in direct taxation by one man with an income of £4,200) is unlikely to be spent chiefly on work by living men, for the Tate is not a museum merely of modern art. The State that has deprived the painter of his principal patrons will have to do more than this if it wishes painting to continue.

But while we hopefully look to the State, and while the Treasury gloomily looks at the innumerable demands upon it, the painter is facing extinction. (When I say "the painter" I must be taken to mean also the sculptor, whose situation is even worse because of the cost of his materials.) The vast majority of the population, it will be said, would hardly notice such a disappearance? All the more necessary, then, that those of us who believe painting and sculpture to be among the most permanently valuable of human activities should take concrete action. Lamentation is not enough. "Buy a picture," I would say. "Get some advice by all means; ask a friend with experience which of several pictures you like seems to him the best; but do buy a picture, and a picture that you like yourself."

There is something else you can do. The Contemporary Art Society was founded in 1910 to enrich our State and municipal museums with good examples of current painting and sculpture. How successfully it has pursued this aim will be evident to anyone who visits the most impressive selection from its gifts now on show at the Tate.

> To its efforts the Tate Gallery owes the first examples it acquired of the works of artists now so widely admired as Epstein, Duncan Grant, Augustus John, Paul Nash, Stanley Spencer, Maillol, Picasso, Rouault and Segonzac. The British Museum and almost all the provincial museums have received from it a variety of contemporary works. As a patron of living British artists it has no rival, private or public.

This extract from the foreword to the catalogue of the Tate exhibition does no more than justice to the usefulness of the C.A.S. One grave charge, however, can be brought against the Society. Wisely as it has spent its money (and the pictures shown must to-day be worth many times what was paid for them), it has had precious little to spend. In the United States such a body would be sure of handsome support from millionaires. Here, with a few exceptions—notably Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Samuel Courtauld—the rich, however generous to hospitals and universities, have displayed a barbarous indifference to the needs of art, especially of contemporary art. The C.A.S. has only a few hundred members: if it had a few thousand the effect would quickly be conspicuous in museums throughout the country. The Society is now making a special effort to multiply its membership. Many readers of this journal, I have good reason to know, are deeply interested in modern painting. Let me stretch towards these a mendicant hand, and beseech them to be, in the old phrase, "prodigal within the compass of a guinea." A postcard either to me or to the acting secretary of the C.A.S. at the Tate will bring the form that leads to membership. A friend tells me I shan't get even a dozen answers to this cadge, and supports his cynical view with the offer of a bet. I have taken it, and I stand to win a fiver.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

GWEN JOHN

The memorial exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery of work by Miss Gwen John, who died at the beginning of the War, gives the public its first opportunity to appreciate her extraordinary gifts. Every artist with a mark of genius must be a mystery, but Gwen John offers a further occasion for wonder. She lived for over sixty years, and despite ill-health and the claims of religious devotion she seems always to have persisted in the practice of her art. Yet this exhibition contains, apart from a number of drawings, only fifty-six paintings in oil. Have these been selected from hundreds of other pictures by her? I think not. Did she destroy most of her work? (A number of works sent to an exhibition in America have been lost, but presumably these were not more than thirty or so.)

If in fact during some forty years she painted only about eighty pictures in oils, the enigma deepens. Mr. Augustus John in a foreword to the catalogue gives an arresting account of his sister, enriched with quotations from her letters and meditations. One longs to be given by him something longer and fuller.

Gwen John, after studying at the Slade, became a pupil of Whistler in Paris. Henceforth she concentrated upon the pursuit of wanness, bleeding as it were her subjects of almost all their colour. To Whistler's exaggerated passion for harmony at all costs she added a concern with pathos that reminds one alike of Burne Jones and of Picasso in his Blue period. Unlike these, she never deviated from expressiveness into sentimentality. But her aversion from bold colour did narrow her scope, and apart from six or seven pictures her talent shows more powerfully in her drawings than in her oil-paintings. Her natural gift for draughtsmanship seems to have been hardly less outstanding than her brother's. In addition she possesses a particular intensity of vision so that the head of a peasant child became a symbol of the human condition. Has any other painter in our time, except Rouault, been so beautifully human? "Do not be vague and wavering. Impose your style. Let it be simple and strong—The short strong stalks of flowers. . . ." This note of hers gives a command that her pencil obeyed.

The higher the estimate one forms of Gwen John's gifts, the more certainly her work will appear one further instance of the continuous ill-luck that inexplicably has pursued English painting. The pictures are in the highest degree delicate and exquisite, like the best poems by Emily Dickinson; but her drawings persuade me that she was one of the finest visual artists to whom this island has ever given birth.

Roger Marvell

CONCERT VERSUS BROADCAST

I wonder if music-producers and music-consumers realise how profoundly the whole musical landscape is likely to be transformed by the arrival of the Third Programme. It is too early to say what reception will be like up and down the country, and it may well be that the programmes which look so enticing on paper will remain all but inaudible, for a year or more, to those whose homes are remotely or unluckily placed.

But in the London area, at least, reception should be consistently good, and it is here that the change will probably show most noticeably. An immense profusion of public music-making now spills all over London, but a great deal of it consists of vain and endless repetitions of a handful of works: I mean the Beethoven—Tchaikovsky—Grieg—Rachmaninov concertos, the Beethoven—Brahms—Tchaikovsky symphonies, and so on. Since these works have for years been broadcast several times a month and are available in a multitude of gramophone recordings, I don't expect the new development to affect this more popular kind of concert one way or the other. But consider the listener whose tastes are more catholic or sophisticated than what one might call "the Tchaikovsky-concerto-man"; consider, say, the typical reader of this journal. By dint of going through the Saturday concert announcements with a tooth-comb, he discovers a small number of concerts at which there is to be heard something which is good but seldom given, or something new or semi-new by a modern composer like Bloch or Hindemith or Michael Tippett in whose work he is interested. One or two series of concerts actually cater for this more advanced, off-the-beaten-track kind of taste: for example, the Boyd Neel concerts at Chelsea (which last year, both in choice of programme and execution, were simply the best music to be heard in London); the Morley College cycle (to be considerably extended this year); and those enterprising St. Bartholomew's Eves at Smithfield. These are the sort of concerts for whose future I am now a trifle apprehensive.

So far, I have seen no comprehensive prospectus of the Third Programme's music plans, though I understand that one is going through the press. But what I have seen is quite enough to dazzle the eyes. First and foremost, the listener is at last in a position to enjoy the musical equivalent of reading all the plays of Shakespeare or all the novels of Dickens, and what this means to the student may be imagined. Next spring, for example, in a period of less than two months, Myra Hess is going to play all (yes, *all*) the Mozart piano concertos. Before this we are to hear, in succession, all the Beethoven violin sonatas, all the Mozart piano sonatas, all the Chopin mazurkas and the whole of the *Well-tempered Clavichord*. Goldberg, Hammerklavier and Diabelli will shortly become household words. This month we are to have two complete performances of *Tristan*, a central masterpiece of music unknown to the younger generation and most unlikely to be staged in England in the near future. "All the major dramatic works of Purcell will be performed."

So much for what used to be called The Foundations of Music; the new programme's attitude towards the moderns is no less enterprising. Hitherto the critic's calendar has been punctuated by the "first performance in London" of any important novelty; and the occasions when such performances took place at a studio broadcast were rare. But in the very first week of the new service there are three first performances, of which only one is relayed from a public concert: two are of works by Kodaly, the third a specially commissioned overture by Benjamin Britten. Or consider Britten's new *Variations on a Theme of Purcell*: first broadcast performance October 15th, first London performance November 17th. Clashes are bound to occur with greatly increased frequency. Thus, on October 9th, while the new Bloch *Quartet* is being played at the Wigmore Hall, the Third Programme will be transmitting his almost new *Suite Symphonique* and a performance by Szigeti of that fascinating and very rarely heard last work of Alban Berg, his *Violin Concerto*. (The man who elects to stay at home can safely count on hearing a broadcast of the quartet later on). As far as I can see, for critic and concert-going public alike, the importance of broadcast music is not only catching up with that of the "live" article, but threatening to shoot well ahead.

It is too soon to predict the consequences of such a development, but musicians would do well to ponder the possibilities. Of one thing they may be quite certain: the public's reaction will have nothing whatever to do with the general welfare of the art of music, and a great deal to do with the economy and convenience of a fireside concert and dinner at home.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

KING LEAR

"King Lear," at the New Theatre

It was curious, after an evening of various excitements of such acute interest, to be conscious of a sense of disappointment. But the fact is that emotions deeper than interest were touched much less surely. There were a series of isolated spectacles, not very closely linked, as if the theatrical world was making a series of independent celebrations of King Lear Day, as it were. There was, for instance, the grand sight of the two wicked daughters. In some productions of Lear, Goneril and Regan are difficult to distinguish. They stand rigidly around, two bunches of Early British Costume, and so much like the Ugly Sisters that we expect Cordelia's husband to bear her off to France in a coach transformed out of a pumpkin. It is very difficult with the two beautiful sisters at the New Theatre. Here there is a complete contrast between Miss Leighton's Regan, all drooping sexuality and soft sadism, and Miss Brown's Goneril, with its rigid jealousy and single-minded ambition. Mr. Hannen's Kent is more traditional. The loyalty in his expressive countenance never flags. It helps the play by making us believe in the love and veneration which a younger Lear was able to evoke. Great care is expended on the character of Edgar, which Mr. Warre makes wonderfully sympathetic and credible. Mr. Alec Guinness's Fool is the finest painting in this odd gallery of *King Lear* portraits by different hands. All the sadness of the play seem embodied in his strangely ancient-looking face.

Why, with so many excellencies, does the play fail to overwhelm us? The virility of Mr. Olivier's Lear spares us the horror of senility in anguish. But perhaps it is that the rest of the horrors, which are held, in traditional Shakespearean criticism, to hamper the play in performance, are rather emphasised than otherwise. I have never witnessed a more bloody putting out of Gloucester's eyes. When Lear, crazed, runs on to the stage, his head crowned with rank fumitory, we see that his feet are gashed and bleeding. In the last speech of the play, when he is uttering the most wonderful of all speeches over Cordelia's dead body, we are terrified—and distracted from full attention to the words—to see Cordelia's dead arms swinging her head over and back again like a puppet's.

And these are not the only dangers which confront the producer of this play. He has to deal with a benumbing carelessness and confusion in its construction. The setting must help us here; but Mr. Roger Furse's settings are not so beautifully and artistically unobtrusive as usual. I do not perceive the purpose of the more or less Byzantine roofs which are occasionally lowered by a couple of clothes lines. As they wander from scene to scene in the storm, it seemed for a moment as if the actors might collide with the stage hands, and it was difficult to see why they should land up in a hut which seemed to have been erected by magic on the Duke of Cornwall's doorstep. The male members of the Old Vic company are not so constantly careful as they should be to make every word of the text audible—the Gloucester, especially, tends to dock his final consonants. Otherwise, perhaps the worst fault is a serious piece of miscasting, unfair to the clever young actor involved. The performance of this play must stand or fall almost as much by the Edmund as the King himself. Edmund is no mere animal, no wolf or fox like the sisters. His large, saturnine indifference, his sceptical humour, have something of the amorality of Faulconbridge or Falstaff. Mr. Copley plays the part in altogether too tetchy a vein. When he apostrophises Nature as his goddess he might be talking to the botany mistress.

It is distractions like these, perhaps, which prevent Mr. Olivier's performance, beautifully excogitated as it is, from taking on the impetus which makes Lear's death at the end seem natural and inevitable. The tenderness and precision of this new Lear makes the final tragedy seem unnecessary. (If Tate's happy ending was less absurdly worded, it would still be interesting to see in performance.) Perhaps it needs an actor of Shakespeare's stature to show us Shakespeare's Lear.

Stephen Potter

RADIO NOTES

Now that the plan of the Third Programme has been published in considerable detail, it should be obvious that a cultural revolution of far-reaching importance is taking place. Up till now the efforts of the B.B.C. in this direction have been ham-strung by what seemed the necessity for compromise; intentions were often of the best, but in effect listeners were constrained to love the not-quite-highest when they heard it. For in spite of what many popular critics of to-day confidently aver, the second-best in intellectual matters does not merge insensibly into the best. There yawns between the two a gulf comparable to that which separates agnosticism and religious faith; and those who would derive real spiritual nourishment from either art or religion must be prepared to jump the abyss. Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto is a very fine work of its kind, but twenty hearings of it would not help you to taste the joys of a late Beethoven quartet; and you could know all the works of Mr. Charles Morgan by heart and yet be unable to see any point in a novel by Henry James. It is because the directors of the Third Programme have so evidently proceeded on the basis of this paramount distinction that I venture to state it explicitly here. There will be loud criticism from the levelling-down school, emboldened, no doubt, by the recent news of a relapse into cultural barbarism in the U.S.S.R. But no one who has the values of civilisation at heart could be other than—I will not say *astonished*, but delighted by the almost incredible prospect of interest, variety, and novelty held out by the schedule of the Third Programme. It will be said that it is always easy to make a showy start; but where so much intelligence, imagination, taste and ingenuity are quite clearly at work, it is unnecessary to forecast a slump in the standard of excellence.

It may sometimes be difficult—especially if one's life entails a lot of moving about—to catch everything one wants to hear; but to a large extent the ingenious system of repeats should obviate this vexation. It will also enable listeners to reconsider works that they may have found hard to follow, or the value of which they could not judge, to their own satisfaction, on a single hearing. By taking trouble in this way, it should be possible for many people, who have hitherto lacked the time and opportunity to develop in themselves a high sense of criticism; and this in turn is bound to react favourably on the Third Programme, by making its directors increasingly aware that their efforts are appreciated and their audience on its toes. If regular listeners to this programme remain passive, it must fail in its object: enjoyment, on this level, implies a two-way activity. The weekly talk, by a radio critic, on the events of the previous week, should stimulate listeners to this end, and sometimes help to redress hasty judgments.

On September 29th the new "How" got off to a rather slow start, but ended in a riot of amusing satire. There will in future be no more excuse for putting up with a mains hum that drones through the loudest orchestral tutti, than for tolerating the more old-fashioned type of feature programme, with its obvious stooges, its painful sound-effects and its implausible crowds. "How to Listen" was above all a lesson in aural discrimination, and was therefore exactly in place at the beginning of the new programme; and it rollicked along with a lack of solemnity that augurs well for the general tone of the whole venture. Incidentally, I hope other listeners were as pleased as I was to meet Mrs. Trübel again. She is a character of mythological dimensions, and Miss Gladys Young (with the help of Stephen Potter) should be given further opportunities of building her up.

Owing partly to bad reception, I failed to make much of Britten's *Festival Overture*. In the statutory C major, it contains a middle section with some exquisite orchestral effects; but it is unfair to expect more of this kind of work than one expects of, say, a Birthday Ode.

The discussion entitled *Living Opinion* was the only item which seemed to me out of place in the Third Programme. Not that it was unintelligent or dull—far from it. But unless a series like this is designed to be especially outspoken or in some other way above the intellectual level of what is usual in such broadcasts, its place, I should have thought, is in the Home Service.

P.S.—It is a pleasure to be able cordially to welcome the return of that most sensitive pianist, Lance Dossor, who last week gave his first broadcast for some years. It is to be hoped that he may in future be heard regularly in all three programmes. And surely we should all be glad to hear Alfredo Campoli more often in serious music. His playing in a Mozart sonata and in that of Poulenc, last week, showed him to be among the few really fine violinists in this country.

Edward Sackville West

THE MOVIES

"Farrebique," at the Scala (Festival of French Films)
"L'Atalante," at the Academy
"La Femme du Boulanger," at the Curzon
"The Big Sleep," at the Tivoli and the New Gallery

While London film critics—those, at any rate, with a nose in the wind—have been seeking out festivals in Cannes and Prague, they have missed the one on their doorstep. Nearly everyone else seems to have missed it, too. Bad organisation? It looks like it. The posters and programmes that should have announced beforehand, appeared far too late; the fortnight of French films at the Scala ends on Saturday, and if the second week brings no better attendances than the first, it will have failed lamentably.

And yet, one afternoon last week, in company with perhaps nine or ten others, I enjoyed the arrival of a remarkable film not yet seen even in Paris. *Farrebique, ou Les Quatres Saisons,* is the first considerable documentary yet made in France: *Epaves,* with its delicate exploration of the Mediterranean sea-bed, was an altogether slighter affair. Why should there have existed, until now, this gap in the most intelligent and realistic of all cinemas? The answer is partly to be found in the very realism that has always distinguished French films; the lessons of documentary—think of Renoir, Vigo, Carné, etc.—had been learnt, without the method. Nevertheless the omission remains strange. *Farrebique* may be regarded either as a further delving into the regional life reflected by such films as *Goupi Mains Rouges* and *L'Atalante,* or as a closing of the gap between science and poetry, in which, for some reason, French films had lagged. They had preferred a poetry of the comic and fantastic.

Rouquier calls his film *Farrebique, ou Les Quatres Saisons.* He owes something, as must every film-maker who takes peasants for his theme, to Dovshenko's *Earth.* To begin with, the treatment is less spectacular. A tall square farmhouse rises with its almost windowless stone on a hill. The valleys over which the sun casts its quick shadow-play reside—we discover gradually—in that south-western district known as Guyenne. Breadmaking, the ox-cart, the plough, the sacred dungheap, the vine: so, prosaically though with beautiful definition, this Georgic begins. But it takes us deeper, in a couple of directions, than we expect. First, the people themselves are no mere puppets, and during the course of four seasons we get to know them as intimately as characters of fiction, though in different ways. The children grow up a little; another baby is born; electric light is laid on; a young man strains his back at harvesting, and begins to make love; the old grandfather, who in the field has twitched flies off the bullocks' eyes with a hazel branch, is himself dying, with a fly crawling over his temples, and an old friend bends over to ask "How goes it, then?" The complaint against documentaries that they miss the spark of living cannot be made here.

Then, secondly and more surprisingly, Rouquier learns brilliant and varied ways of developing his scene. He has a wonderful eye for detail: innumerable flashes—of a cartwheel turning, a lizard bolting into shade—of a hare leaving prints in the snow—of the evening shadows lengthening along a slope—reveal an almost Debussy-like sensibility to Nature. Sometimes, to emphasise the passing hours, the shadows will drop swiftly down a wall; we see the white roots of corn or maize wriggling in the soil, flowers bursting open; natural sounds of all kinds, from the human voice and footstep to the shrill *cicada,* are given their full value, while in a lyrical movement music and image alone will entrap the senses. And these are not mere tricks to distract, but the expressions of a vigorous imagination. Who is Rouquier? And when shall we be given the opportunity to see this film again? The Programmes for the end of the week are: Friday evening, ten silent films; Saturday afternoon, Jacques Feyder's *Crainquebille;* evening, Gremillon's *Lumiere d'Eté.*

At the Academy, Vigo's twelve-year-old idyll of the canals still impresses by its squalor and oddity, Raimu enters on a fresh lease of life at the Curzon, and among new films *The Big Sleep* (Bogart and Bacall) maintains a freezing tradition of glass keys, dahlias, and falcons.

William Whitebait

FOR CARMEN

In your Castilian mind no vague retreats,
  A thing is black and bad or bright and holy:
Just as they label the arena seats
  Ombre and *sole.*

Frances Cornford

Correspondence

WALLACE ON DISARMAMENT

Sir,—Mr. Henry Wallace has set us all searching for the means by which we may stop the drift towards a third world war. To discuss one by one the outstanding questions that embroil the Western Powers with Russia is not a hopeful method. These questions—the division of Germany, Trieste, the Danube, the Dardanelles and American intervention in China—are all of them linked with the manoeuvres of the future antagonists for positions in the coming struggle. No rational solution of any of these problems is likely to be reached in this atmosphere of rivalry and fear. Until we make it clear that this war is not going to happen, we shall make no progress. The thing could have been done last year, if the rulers of America had been big enough to give the atomic secret to the Russians without conditions. It might be done to-day by a big American loan to Russia without political conditions. That in itself would spell peace for as far ahead as we need to reckon: one does not help towards recovery a Power one is scheming to destroy. These two openings depend on the good will of Washington. But there is yet a third method, and in this the Labour Government might take the initiative.

In his New York speech, though not in his letter to Mr. Truman, Wallace outlined a bold programme of general disarmament. The details are not important at this stage: if I recall them it is only to show that he had something concrete and far-reaching in mind. He began by proposing that Uno shall take over both atomic bombs and "the control of the strategically located air bases with which the United States and Britain have encircled the world. Individual nations," he went on,

> "should be prohibited from manufacturing atomic bombs, guided missiles and military aircraft for bombing purposes; while no nation should be allowed to spend more than perhaps 15 per cent. of its Budget on its military establishment."

The positive proposal, however vital it may be, may lie some way ahead of us, because it would be worth little, until we are ready to create an organic World Guard, an international force. But the negative proposals for the drastic limitation of national armaments can be realised at once, without any difficult changes in the constitution of Uno.

What would be gained by prohibiting the manufacture of these weapons and scaling down our military expenditure? It would be a declaration, in deeds not words, that we are not contemplating another world war. That would be understood as clearly by the imperialists and class-warriors among ourselves as by the Russians. Once that is understood, it should be possible to check the habit of thinking in strategical terms, which is now as inveterate in London and Washington, as it is in Moscow. Until in this way we clear the air of thunder, it will be useless to discuss such perilous matters as the unification of Germany and the control of the Dardanelles—indeed, the attempt to settle them, while the fear of war haunts us, may bring the danger nearer.

The proposal for drastic and general disarmament should be made with every persuasive device of publicity by the British Government, at the Assembly of Uno. But before it is made, it should be discussed with Stalin, lest some detail in it, e.g., the use of a financial yard-stick for measuring armaments, might be unacceptable to the Russians. To approach them in this way, with proposals for a common policy for peace, would be to revive a precedent once set by the Soviet Government. A similar approach was made through Rakovsky, to Ramsay MacDonald on the eve of the formation of the first Labour Government (see for the facts The New Statesman and Nation, August 4th, 1945). What MacDonald rejected let us now offer, with the certainty that Europe, India and the American Left will back us. I need hardly point out that a bold measure of disarmament would hasten both Russia's recovery and ours by many a year.

H. N. Brailsford

REORIENTATIONS

Sir,—I should like to pay a tribute to the masterly analysis of the Government's foreign policy in your four articles published under the above title. But I wish you had carried your analysis a stage further. It was good to analyse the nature and consequences of our foreign policy. But before proposing an alternative policy it would have been even better to analyse the situation with which this alternative policy is intended to deal.

You assume that there are two kinds of Socialist reconstruction in Europe, one being made by Social-Democratic Parties on "civil liberty" lines, and the other by Communists on dictatorial lines. You further assume that the Communist Parties everywhere stand for the same thing in opposition to the Social-Democrats, who are also assumed to be uniform throughout Europe. This picture has little or no relation to the facts. Wherever there is Socialist reconstruction on the Continent it is being carried out by Socialists and Communists in unison. Wherever Socialists and Communists are not co-operating on the Continent, they are not in power.

The idea that one can be *for* Socialism in Europe on an anti-Communist basis will not work—it will only bring us back to Bevinism. It is in fact a tuppenny coloured way of doing the same thing as the Labour Government is being led into doing, namely, playing the role, on a pan-European scale, of Scheidemann and Noske in Germany after the first World War.

In Europe democracy, civil liberty, tolerance, fairness to minorities, all the good things we so rightly prize in Western civilisation, can come only through successful Socialist reconstruction. Even then they will not come by themselves, but only if at least some of those in charge of Socialist reconstruction and the peoples they are leading want them and work for them. I believe they do. We can help by being wise and friendly.

But liberty and democracy certainly cannot come by re-enacting the tragedy of the Weimar Republic, or hoping, as some of my Labour colleagues do, that somehow or other Communism will fade away in the next few years and the Social-Democrats rise again to their pre-war position. When that hope is analysed it boils down to the desire that capitalism should be reconsolidated and the social revolution defeated, as happened after the first World War, so that Social-Democratic Parties can once again function as junior partners in capitalist coalitions or loyal oppositions in bourgois States, breeding Fascism through unemployment.

Even if that were desirable, it is no longer possible. Capitalism really has been smashed this time in Europe, and there is no middle ground between coming to terms with the social revolution and fighting it. The same applies to our relations with the Soviet Union. A Western Bloc run by Social-Democrats is a dream which the reality of Communist working-class leadership in France ruthlessly dispels. What we must go for is a European regional agreement within Uno, based on the Anglo-Soviet and Franco-Soviet Treaties and resting on three pillars—a Western group, an Eastern group and the U.S.S.R., all bound together in support of each other's Socialist reconstruction.

Similarly in the Middle East it really is not possible to drop imperialism and strategic considerations as the motive for our policy, unless we are prepared to call Russia into partnership in settling the affairs of the Middle East. That is the policy to which the Labour Party is pledged in its report on the *International Post-War Settlement* adopted by the Annual Conference in December 1944, and it is the only policy that will work in the Middle East.

The root error is to regard Communist Parties as the enemies of democracy and of the independence of their own countries. There is nothing, either in the theory or practice of the Communist Parties of post-war Europe, that justifies this belief. The difference between Communism and Fascism is precisely that the latter, because it represents capitalist counter-revolution, cannot evolve into anything tolerable, whereas Communism is one form of the social revolution and carries within it the seeds of liberty and democracy. They will blossom the quicker if we encourage Socialists and Communists to co-operate and extend the hand of friendship to the U.S.S.R., and the new democracies.

K. Zilliacus

FRENCH SOCIALISM

Sir,—I am sorry that Mr. Arthur Sudbery dislikes my interpretation (in the *Labour Press Service*) of what happened at the French Socialist Congress, because I agree so fervently with so much of what he says. On the main issue, Mr. Sudbery thinks that the S.F.I.O. policy "is being determined far too much by reaction to its position . . . in the middle part of the sandwich." So do I, and so have I for many months. What I described as the condition of recovery was that the Directing Committee should "avoid the constant looking over the left shoulder at the C.P. and over the right at the M.R.P., that has seemed to make its path a little uncertain." Mr. Sudbery agrees with Mr. Zilliacus about the rebels' lack of a "feasible alternative policy." I said it was "a little difficult to discover from Guy Mollet's speeches exactly what he wanted," and I had hoped that remarks of this kind had made my position clear.

What matters, however, much more than that, and much more than our differing interpretations of the position of André Philip, is the rightness of Mr. Sudbery's strictures on the Labour Party. The Party did, by the way, nominate an Executive member as a delegate—he was unfortunately injured at the last moment—but it is still nowhere near grasping the role that it can and should play in its relations with European Socialist parties. Where I differ from Mr. Sudbery is that he, apparently, has more hope of the Labour Party's suddenly recovering from its insularity, than of French Socialists' developing some capacity for getting outside their immediate (and appallingly difficult !) tactical problems.

I doubt, for instance, whether it would have been possible, as another article in your columns suggests, "to formalise a basis of understanding between the two countries on such issues as Germany and Spain." British and French Socialist policies are too far apart (especially on Spain) and they differ particularly in that the French Socialists are compelled (or feel compelled) by incessant Communist blackmail to think of foreign policy largely in terms of electoral programmes and election speeches. But that does not relieve the Labour Party of the responsibility for seeking both to understand and to explain. I do not believe, for instance, that the problem of the production and distribution of Ruhr coal would be quite the heavy political liability it is to French Socialists if a responsible British Minister would state publicly what we think we are doing and why. There are plenty of other lines on which exploration together would be fruitful. If this is the kind of thing Mr. Sudbery is asking for, I am wholeheartedly with him.

124 Preston Road, W. Pickles
Wembley, Middx.

LABOUR AND WEST AFRICA

Sir,—In The New Statesman and Nation of July 13th, 1946, "A Correspondent" made some interesting and significant points about the current political feelings of the people in West Africa.

He rightly points out that "Colonial enthusiasm which greeted the Labour Government has largely evaporated." He strikes the kernel of the problem when he reminds the responsible authorities that although the more educated type of literate Africans may be labelled "troublesome" (a generalisation of very questionable justification) yet "it is he and he alone who, on a fuller analysis of the culturally and politically developing circumstances, holds the key to them."

It is to be pointed out, however, that "Correspondent" makes a misleading statement when he proceeds to say that "too few educated Africans are willing to take advantage of the training and administrative posts now offered them by the Colonial Office." There are two issues which appear to be confused in that statement which I shall attempt to separate in order to show what the true position is. (1) That too few educated Africans are willing to take advantage of the training now offered by the Colonial Office. That this argument does not hold water is borne out by the fact that never before in the history of colonial administration in West Africa has there been a greater demand for scholarships. The Government has only to announce its intention to grant a few scholarships to be inundated by applications from holders of Cambridge School Certificate, London Matriculation

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or their equivalents, as well as holders of Inter B.A. or Inter B.Sc. degrees. These young applicants are eager to be given the opportunity of acquiring the necessary qualification and training to fit them to take a responsible and active part in the administration of their country. (2) That too few educated Africans take advantage of the administrative posts offered them by the Colonial Office. It sounds incredible to say that in a large country like Nigeria with a population of over 23 millions there is not one African Administrative Officer properly so-called as distinguished from a handful who have reached such ranks on the clerical side. But here again "Correspondent" did not attempt to suggest any reasons for this attitude of the educated African who has acquired his qualifications in this country at no small expense to his family.

What are the prospects of the African graduate or barrister who enters the Administrative service as compared with his European colleague with similar qualifications? The African will be offered £200 or £300 p.a. while the European will get at least £400. Other conditions of service are not wanting in similar disparities. But worst of all, the African will probably be converted into a confidential "clerk" instead of being allowed to take part in the actual "field-work" for which an intimate knowledge of his people makes him most suitable.

The plight of the African doctor is even more pitiable. His European colleague starts at a minimum of £480 p.a. while the African may be offered only £200 p.a. Is there any wonder then that the qualified African lawyer or doctor prefers to be on his own? Remove the prejudice, the injustice, the favouritism that work against the educated African and be assured of his willing and enthusiastic co-operation.

It is to be hoped that Africans will be given the opportunity to profit by the schemes now projected in the Duke of Devonshire Committee, and the Nuffield Foundation Reports.

A WEST AFRICAN

SPEED OF BUILDING

SIR,—In your issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION dated 21st September, 1946, there appeared an article headed "The Speed of Building," advocating the introduction of a bonus system into the Building industry. May I, a carpenter and Trade Unionist, who worked throughout the War in the aircraft industry where "bonus" was the predominant thought in operators' minds, point out that this is not the solution for speeding up building. I should like to know if the writer of the article realises the "cut-throat" measures which follow in the wake of a bonus system.

Very often a craftsman who gives his best work receives a far smaller wage packet than a worker who is prepared to let shoddy work pass.

There is also the method of "organising" part of the operation upon those who follow on. Much time is wasted clocking on and off various jobs, to say nothing of keeping an account of bonus.

Finally, the Building Trade is very short of labour and the bonus system requires non-productive workers such as inspectors and rate fixers. To fill these places workers must be taken from a productive job as it is essential for them to know something of the various operations. Extra pay clerks, too, are necessary.

In my estimation a bonus system would bring shoddy work and "Jerry-built" houses, and what is needed to prevent this is a "flat rate" for the job throughout the country.

Building trade operatives go where the highest rates are paid, which is invariably in the towns where the Trade Unions are strongest. If they are directed to jobs where the rate is 3*d*. or 4*d*. per hour under that which they could get elsewhere, then they work accordingly.

I would suggest that more canteens be provided, or facilities for buying packed lunches, as many carpenters are going into the film industry through better canteen service and conditions generally. In these days of rationing it is difficult enough for our women to find sandwich filling, to say nothing of the bread in these days of B.U.s.

Attend to these grievances and building trade operatives will give a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

W. FINIS-SMITH

Criss Grove, Gold Hill,
Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

H. G. WELLS IN PETROGRAD

SIR,—In his essays, "Russia in the Shadows," H. G. Wells mentions an incident which has always been one of the most vivid recollections of my childhood. Wells gives a very unfavourable account of his visit to a school in Petrograd in 1920. He found the standard of discipline low, and was given no chance to witness any teaching. Most of all he was annoyed by the seemingly well-rehearsed performance that the children gave: when questioned by the guide on the subject of English literature they professed that Wells himself was their favourite writer, and produced a number of titles of his books, which they all said they had read. Wells did not believe them, and he tries to prove that the answers of those unfortunate boys and girls had been the result of "certain kindly intrigues and preparations." Three days later he visited another school where to his satisfaction none of the children knew anything about him and his books.

I myself happened then to be a pupil at that first, so severely criticised, Tyenishev School. I was 12 years old, and one of those whom Wells would not believe. How well I remember that morning! We were a ragged, disreputable looking crowd; we were taught very irregularly, we were undisciplined, all this is true—but we all read, we swallowed books voraciously, Russian as well as foreign ones in translation. Wells' utopian novels were for us at that time definitely the most exciting English fiction. It is difficult to describe how thrilled we were when we heard that Wells himself would be visiting our school, he, our hero, a live writer, coming from the other side of what is now called the iron curtain. He came. How well-fed he looked, how well-dressed, and, alas, how bourgeois! There was a moment of disillusionment, but we soon got over it, and when Mr. Chukovsky, who acted as interpreter, started to put questions to us, we were first of all anxious to tell Mr. Wells how many of his books we had read. I remember very well the titles we quoted: *The Time Machine*, *The Invisible Man*, *The War of the Worlds*, *The Sleeper Awakes*, *The First Men in the Moon* and *The Food of the Gods*.

Mr. Wells writes with sad irony that the great names of English literature like Milton, Shakespeare, Dickens hardly seemed of any importance to us as compared to his own, and that seemed to him a definite proof of our hypocrisy. How unjust that was! Very few of us knew Milton, all of us had read and seen some of Shakespeare's plays, and all of us, of course, had read quantities of Dickens whom we loved passionately—but Wells's books were modern, they dealt with problems of our own time and the future, and after all, it was not Dickens who came to visit us, but Wells—wasn't it only natural that we should have wanted to tell him how much we all admired him as a writer?

A short time after Wells had left Russia we heard of what he had written about us. We were deeply hurt. We were precocious, but we had been sincere, and he actually accused us of having lied to him. Since I have settled in England I have always wanted to write to him of how he had misunderstood us. I never found the courage to do so, and it is too late now. But after the great man's death, and after having read his sketches of Bolshevik Russia again, I realized that we need not have felt offended, we children of Petrograd: it was probably H. G. Wells's modesty or his scepticism that would not let him believe how important a part his books played among the Russian youth.

GENIA HORNSTEIN

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

HUMAN beings are the story-telling animals. This is an unexpected item in the catalogue of disgust which Sartre made in *La Nausée* where he is sickened by our reckless habit of turning the most banal event into "an adventure," by the device of private fantasy. And he draws a sordid picture of men and women sitting in the fog exhaled by their own stories and the stories of other people. The dilemma is final: tell a story or live. But before most of us "live," that is before we act, we have to trick ourselves out of lethargy by means of a lie. There we sit, flushed and hot-handed in the scented cinema of the general mind, soused in our own sing-song and technicolour.

But that is only the Bovary aspect of story-telling. We do not tell ourselves stories only to drug ourselves for action. Like breathing, story-telling is a function, before it is a stimulant. It is an endless chewing of the cud of experience, an effort to digest; and also a desire to fill up the unfurnished wastes of time which surround the goggling ego. Story telling is a consolation, like sex; and even more than sleep has the right to be called "Great Nature's second course." The writer of stories is always harassed by the difference between the story he is telling about his people and the continual underground chatter of stories they will be telling themselves, often against the current of his own. One of the distinguishing signs of the popular genius of Dickens is that, especially in his dialogue, he remembers this interminable sing-song of the personal myth; and now that everything has been said that can be said about Dickens's social purpose and relation to his time, I begin to wonder whether the passive and egotistical soliloquies of his characters are not more important. I mean that the fantasy, the caricature, the absurd speeches of Dickens are not only the most entertaining part of his work, but are also his unique technical contribution to the novel and, in the humane sense, the most lasting and important part of what he has to say. In these pages he was universal.

I have been reading a book on the American story-telling animal.* The editor, Mr. B. A. Botkin, is the president of the American Folklore Society and his book contains engaging samples of indigenous American popular culture or folk lore. Some of it was collected by that interesting State experiment: the Federal Writers' Project. The words "folk lore" have glum associations. They suggest the tedious antiquarian on the one hand and the drooling, wooden-faced peasant on the other; they bring to mind the peasant revival of thirty years ago which was no doubt a protest against the low spirits of life in industrial suburbia, but which now has the pathos of a dead fashion. Folk lore ignored the urban folk, the folk who have certainly been cut off from folk lore for more than a hundred years, and who are presumed to have no lore at all. And perhaps in England they have little; perhaps the slack, crowded, decimated life on this small island has starved the growth of a new popular culture altogether. Folk lore is an underground movement, the continuous murmur of the same thing over and over again, an art of resistance. In the United States—it has long been clear—conditions have been favourable to the making of the rudiments of a modern lore. A new large country, the waves of exploration, each leaving behind it a pungent wreckage on the new tidemark, an epic quality in the life of the pioneer, the cowboy, the men of the gold rush, the miners, the builders of the transcontinental railways; the freedom from the restraint of a traditional culture, and (above all) loneliness, inspired the ordinary American to make a rough and ready cultural life of his own. The long empty days, the long speechless distances, have made the long slow-moving American anecdote, which as Bret Harte said, put the American short story on its feet. In England, the ordinary man has admired the great; in *The Nigger of the Narcissus,* Conrad draws the portrait of an old sailor, typical of many in the sailing days, who spent all his spare time reading about Society in Bulwer Lytton. In the United States, the ordinary man has tended to admire himself; he has projected his own fantastic, heroic or ludicrous images. It is a childish occupation, but popular culture is childish: the pressure of centuries is required before some mundane repetition is transformed from the maudlin clay of human yarning into the diamond of a folk tale or legend, into the poetry of Jason or the fancy of Jack the Giant-killer. The American rudiments are still far too topical, too close to an identifiable life. One wonders also if the self-consciousness of modern American research into this lore is heading it off too soon by writing it down, with a copyist's and collector's earnestness that lack the innocent creative feeling. Commercial companies and their advertising agents have exploited this lore; and those who have sought to find the origins of a popular hero like Paul Bunyan, the Titanic logger, have suspected that he is not of the naïve line of the old giants of early civilisations, but a national hoax, a brainy magazine writer's concoction, a disillusioning example of "downward transmission." We have had something of the kind in the characters of the *Gem* and *Magnet*—as Mr. George Orwell pointed out—and indeed the grubby shadow of average literacy and propaganda hangs over the subject. The essence of Paul Bunyan is that he is an admirable man, a fellow who starts from scratch and then behaves stupendously. He is the most rugged of all individualists. He created the Grand Canyon and Puget Sound with his double-bitted axe. He was a boss logger and one of his gangs logged "on the Big Onion river"—I quote from *The Oxford Companion to American Literature*—"during the winter of the blue snow when it was so cold that cuss words froze in the air, thawing out on the next Fourth of July with a great din." Not surprisingly he is now a lumber company's trade mark; a sort of Johnny Walker of the timber industry.

The Paul Bunyan mythology indicates one characteristic of the white American's popular culture: fantastic over-statement. Where our heroics and our humour explore depth after depth of the less and less, the Americans have exploited height after height of the more and more with equal subtlety. For it is a mistake to think that over-statement need be unsubtle. The hard sceptic gaze, the poker face are always there; even though the propaganda-object of all these characters from Bunyan to Davy Crockett, Mike Fink and Magarac the steelman, is to make lonely men feel strong and to give lawless industrialism a heroic standing:

> It's nature that the big fish should eat the little ones. I've seen a trout swallow a perch, and a cat would come along and swallow the trout, and perhaps, on the Mississippi, the alligators use up the cat, and so on to the end of the row. Well, I will walk into a tall varmint and Indian; it's a way I've got and it comes as natural as grinning to a hyena. I'm a regular tornado, tough as a hickory, and every lick makes a gap in the crowd that lets in an acre of sunshine.

That is Mike Fink, the flat-boat man. These heroes are never killed by their enemies, only treachery can destroy them, and they die with every sentimental stop pulled out. Mike Fink's boasts were faithfully recorded by Mark Twain in the bragging duel of *Life on the Mississippi,* and though the following passage does not come from Mark Twain it might have done so:

> "I'm a Salt River roarer. I'm a ring-tailed squealer! I'm a reg'lar screamer from the old Massassip'! Whoop! I'm the very infant that refused his milk before its eyes were open and called out for a bottle of old Rye! I love the women an' I'm chockful of fight! I'm half wild horse and half cock-eyed alligator and rest o' me is crooked snags an' red-hot snappin' turkle."

Stackalee, black Samson, the killer, is of the same kind. He pulled down a saloon in 'Frisco when he was refused a drink and wrecked half the buildings in the city in doing so. As he modestly said: "Lordy! Sure didn't know mah own strength."

Poetic lying of this kind leads naturally to the notorious boosting of the States, to the crazy cracks about the loveliness of the climate and the purity of the air: so pure in one place that a corpse rose from the dead at his funeral and they had to shoot another man in order to get on with the business. A Jabberwocky brood of birds and animals was invented. Note the Goofus Bird:

> One of the peculiar birds nesting near Paul Bunyan's old time camp on the Big Onion River. It was the opposite of most other birds—it always flew backwards instead of forwards.

("Most" is the wonderful word in this context).

> "The curious habit of this bird," an old lumberjack explained, "is that it doesn't give a darn where it's going, it only wants to know where it's been. It also builds its nest upside down."

The one-winged Pinnacle Grouse, the Gillygaloo that lays square eggs, the Phillyloo Bird that flew upside down to avoid rheumatism, are other entries in the national lying competitions. This is the humour of schoolboys but with a weary malice and a mad poetry added.

It is a man's folk lore. Women have a trifling part in it. They appear occasionally with diamond teeth and smiles like the flash of saloon mirrors. A man like black Samson Stackalee had a girl whose motto was "Come clean or come dirty and be cleaned." The one exception is surprisingly, Little Audrey who came to the London Stock Exchange from the States; she is thought to date from the depression period. Little Audrey is decadent when one compares her with the creatures of the heroic decades; and she discloses the sapless cruelty that underlies American chatter. She is the image of blank-faced disillusion. She might have been invented by Don Marquis and it would be interesting to know how she was invented—whether by a writer or by popular imagination. But was she not too evanescent a figure for the folk lorist; and does she not really belong to the sad pages of ex-humour? There is no 'ye olde' in this folk lore—at least not in Mr. Botkin's selection—no tragedy, and saints rarely break the step of the monotonous platoons of supermen, liars, boosters and those who burlesque them. The only saint I noted was John Appleseed. He is a deedy, inefficient and lonely maniac who wandered about the States planting apple seeds and hoping to see America covered with orchards; and his real name was Chapman. He went about bare-footed, wearing borrowed rags and in the end wore only a coffee sack into which he had cut holes for his arms and legs. He was about soon after the beginning of the nineteenth century and by religion was a Swedenborgian. His saintliness is generally agreed and is confirmed by the one true comedy of his career: he is thought to have spread the plague of Mayweed or dog fennel in the State of Ohio; for he sowed seeds of this plant near every farm he passed on his enormous journeys, in the belief that it was a cure for malaria.

Mr. Botkin has made a various and amusing collection, though its range of mood is narrowed to exaggeration and burlesque. The pioneers owed their pre-eminence in these genres first, I imagine, to the universal tradition which requires all travellers to lie. Boasting is the simple man's defence; it enables him to cut a figure and keep his end up. In England, the lower classes are more boastful than the upper classes, and the great, creative word "Liar" is bandied about more freely in the pubs than in the clubs. But the clubs have the unanswerable power. One can see, in Mr. Botkin's anthology, the soil from which the rich American vernacular literature has sprung.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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* *The American People. In their Satires, Legends, Tall Tales, Traditions, Ballads and Songs.* Edited by E. A. BOTKIN. *Pilot Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

HUXLEY GONE SOUR

The Perennial Philosophy. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto and Windus.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

This book consists of a series of passages culled from writers of different ages and races in exposition of the Perennial Philosophy arranged under chapter headings and strung together by a thread of continuous Huxleyan commentary "designed to illustrate and connect, to develop and, where necessary, to elucidate." *The Perennial Philosophy* maintains that there is an ultimate reality consisting of infinite spirit, "the Divine Ground," which both underlies and informs the world we know by means of our senses. This reality is present in, indeed it constitutes, the essence of ourselves. It cannot, however, be known except by those who have been willing to fulfil certain conditions of life as a result of which they have become "loving, pure in heart and poor in spirit." These may achieve a clear and direct apprehension of the nature of ultimate reality which some of them have set down in "inspired writings, which are their own authority." There is another class of utterances which are based upon the first and consist in interpretations of and deductions from them. These latter involve the mediation of reason; are, indeed, the products of reason. Their authority, therefore, depends upon and cannot be greater than the authority of the deliverances of direct insight. The book is an anthology of utterances and commentaries falling within these two categories, taken from the Hindu sacred writings, the Upanishads and the Ghita, the Buddhist philosophers, the Taoists, the Sufi mystics, the great Catholic mystics of the Middle Ages and the first Quakers. Huxley excuses himself from quoting the professional philosophers on the ground that, since Being determines knowing, and since they have not been willing to fulfil the conditions of Being which are necessary for a knowledge of reality, many of them deny its existence altogether, while those who admit it, lacking direct experience, write about it at second-hand. For a similar reason, attempts to work out an "empirical theology" by such writers as Sorley and Tennant are dismissed on the ground that their thought is based upon the impoverished spiritual experience of the "unregenerate," that is to say, those who have not been "detached, charitable and humble," and have not, therefore, known spiritual reality at first hand. To achieve such knowledge one must subject oneself to a rigorous discipline. In effect, one must not crave or desire—or not very much; one must not set one's thoughts upon the things of this world, one must not be selfish and, when one is being unselfish, that is to say, thinking of other people, one must not have favourites. One must not be enslaved to, one must not even indulge the bodily desires overmuch, and one must eschew pride like the devil.

The Perennial Philosophy is a mine of curious and erudite learning. The running commentary is clear and vivid and there are a number of first-rate discussions of such topics as time, eternity, prayer, spiritual exercises, psychic influences, charity, solitude and so on. Nobody who reads the commentary can fail to recognise that he is in the presence of a mind both profound and acute, although he may find it hard not to raise the eyebrows of a mild surprise at finding Huxley believing apparently in the curative power of relics and idols, in spiritual presences incarnated in sacramental objects and in the objectification of ideas and memories.

The critic of this philosophy is placed in an invidious position, since if its conclusions are correct, nobody is in a position to assess its value who has not enjoyed the experiences on which it is based. In this sense all criticism by non-initiates is a form of question begging.

There is, nevertheless, one point which, without begging too many questions, one may, I think, legitimately raise. What, precisely, does the position in its most moderate statement assert? On the logical side, that this, the natural order, does not provide the principles of its own interpretation; that, in fact, the explanation of this world must be sought elsewhere; on the moral and aesthetic, that what is good and beautiful has its origin and derives its significance from an order of absolute reality which is other than the beautiful things and good actions in which it is manifested, with the corollary that, as poets and saints have sensed, the beauty of the sunset always means more than its beauty and the worth of the selfless act more than its worth; on the metaphysical, that there is a reality which lies behind the changing show of facts on which our minds feed and the stimuli which evoke our senses and our feelings; psychologically, that this reality is immanent in ourselves, so that it is in our moments of spiritual activity that we both become most completely ourselves and approach most closely to the reality which is beyond ourselves.

I have stated all this as moderately as I can, stated it in a form in which many, I think, would be prepared to subscribe to it, and in which it may well be true . . . But it is not thus that Huxley states it. There is a "thus saith the Lord" air about this book which tends to put up even the sympathetic back. It never seems to occur to the author that he may be mistaken. Hence, I find it difficult to refrain from making the charges of dogmatism, and intolerance. Huxley is dogmatic because, the universe being after all unknown, he supplies the place of knowledge by converting other people's conjectures into dogmas. The sole justification of existence, he seems to imply, is the glorification of God; while to be good is to annihilate oneself in the "Divine Ground." Perhaps; perhaps not. But even if this is true, isn't he altogether too hard on the frailties of our ordinary mortal flesh? Huxley praises the virtue of love but he shows little signs of practising it. Throughout the book the ordinary, sensual unthinking man is castigated and condemned. His pleasures are those of the pig, his thoughts, those of the imbecile, his ways of behaving "generally silly" "often insane," "sometimes criminal." He is accused of eating too much, eating the wrong things, worrying about money, craving for excitement and stimulation, wanting to succeed, liking gorgeous architecture, elaborate ornaments, rich colours, and so on . . . It is, perhaps, otiose to point out that this attitude does not endear the religion which it purports to illustrate; irrelevant to inquire whether this isn't after all a very odd and maybe a rather cruel universe in which the right life, the intended life, the prescribed life can be had by only a very few people—even the animals, it seems, have gone astray—and in which pretty well everything we want to do is wrong. Huxley is entitled not to care whether *The Perennial Philosophy* attracts ordinary men or whether his mode of exposition is calculated to commend it, and the universe may well be both odd and cruel. Nevertheless, I find it difficult to deny myself the pleasure of asking him who he is that he should feel himself entitled to bear so hardly and to speak so contemptuously of the great mass of his fellow creatures, or what it is he knows that he should be so blind to the fun, the sunlight, the treats, the jolly coarsenesses and warm-hearted insufficiencies of ordinary life. There is a phrase from *Tono Bungay* in which Wells makes a fleeting acknowledgment of *The Perennial Philosophy.* "I know," he writes, "that over all these merry, immediate things there are other things that are great and serene, very high beautiful things—the reality. I haven't

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got it but it is there nevertheless. I am a spiritual gutter-snipe in love with unimaginable goddesses. I've never seen the goddesses, nor ever shall, but it takes all the fun out of the mud—and at times I fear it takes all the kindliness, too." "The goddesses" never took "the fun out of the mud" for Wells for very long, as the Kippses and the Pollys and the Aunt Susans testify, but they do seem to have taken it out for poor Huxley, taken it out to such an extent that he simply cannot forgive other people for enjoying themselves in unregenerate ways.

I hope he won't mind my mixing my metaphors to the extent of taking the words out of his own mouth to hit him below his own belt. "The art of life consisted for the Greeks in giving every god his due . . . no god must be cheated and none overpaid." Thus, we "make the best of the world and its loveliness while we can—at any rate during the years of youth and strength." That is what Huxley wrote in *Do What You Will* in 1929, as a "worshipper of life who accepts all the conflicting facts of existence." And *how* he went for Plato, for making Socrates say that the philosopher won't value sex or eating or drinking or the "business of looking after the body." On Socrates' phrase, "the soul withdraws itself as far as it can from all association and contact with the body and reaches out after truth by itself," he comments, "With what results? Deprived of its nourishment, the soul grows thin and mangy, like the starved lion . .". "Poor brutes!" he goes on, "we cry at the sight of such extraordinary and lamentable souls as those of Kant, of Newton, of Descartes, 'Why aren't they given enough to eat?'"

I remember being rather shocked at this at the time on the ground that it seemed to me to set too much store by the earthy Paradise, to value too highly the tripe and the hogwash. Yet if a choice must be made, the unregenerate Huxley of sixteen years ago seems to me infinitely preferable to the sour-faced moralist of to-day. The trouble with Huxley is and always has been intellectual whole-hoggery. Ideas will go to his head. He should read Aristotle on moderation.

C. E. M. JOAD

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MILTON AND MODERN CRITICISM

Paradise Lost in our Time. Some Comments. By DOUGLAS BUSH. *Cornell University Press.* 10*s.*

In this book Professor Douglas Bush reprints four lectures delivered at Cornell University. He retains the tone and manner of the lecture platform, even including an apology to those members of his audience who would be present only at the first lecture in which he says:

> I must apologise to the audience, especially to those members of it who are here for the last time, for what seems the unavoidable necessity of approaching Milton by a controversial road.

That road is suited to an academic audience who may probably have been affected by various attacks on Milton emanating from critics who influence undergraduate opinion. It is difficult to know whether the denigration of Milton has had any more widespread effect. It is possible that the seeming giants against whom Professor Bush is tilting are already widely recognized as windmills, or even that they are known only to a narrow circle. In any case they have already been brilliantly attacked by Mr. C. S. Lewis in his *Preface to Paradise Lost.* But for any one who still supposes either that "Milton was of the Devil's party without knowing it," or that his vision of life was simple-minded, or that his style is artificial and monotonous, this is a book well worth reading.

The first lecture describes the nature of the twentieth century attack on Milton and indicates some of the misunderstandings that gave rise to it. The second defines Milton's ethical and theological position and brings it into relation with that of his precursors and contemporaries. Professor Bush throws light upon the way in which Milton, in his poem, defines a position distinct from Calvinist determinism on the one hand and from the materialist determinism of Hobbes on the other:

> The great Elizabethan Calvinist, William Perkins, believing in an arbitrary and inscrutable God, could say that His will *itself is an absolute rule both of justice and reason*, so that what He wills *thereupon becomes reasonable and just.* And at the other extreme Hobbes affirms that man calls good and evil whatever he seeks to possess or avoid, since there is nothing absolutely good or evil. But for men like Hooker and Taylor and the Cambridge Platonists and Milton, the spirit of man and the revealed word of God together proclaim unshakable absolutes which God Himself, if He could be imagined as having the desire, could not change.

This is the most interesting chapter in a book which owes much throughout to the author's intimate knowledge of sixteenth and seventeenth century thought. The two remaining chapters are about the three principal characters in the poem and about Milton's style. They are clear and just, but they add little to what Mr. C. S. Lewis has already written on these subjects.

Professor Bush writes with strong feeling and in a proselytizing spirit. He affirms his belief that Milton is important for the modern world and that the reaction against him is not a mere eccentricity of a few individuals, but is a symptom of a generally relaxed sense of moral values, connected with the diminishing knowledge of Classical and Christian tradition. He makes the reader realize afresh how much both an intimacy with the classical poets and a knowledge of Christian theology can add to the appreciation of Milton. But he emphasises the truth that there is also much for the less erudite reader to enjoy in *Paradise Lost.* Dr. Johnson asserted that "We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master and seek for companions." But at least he recognized that this was the result of human weakness. If any modern readers suppose that they are deterred from reading Milton by something more reputable, for instance by their sophistication, or their taste for a more subtle poetic style, they should read this book and reconsider the matter.

JOAN BENNETT

EISENHOWER

Three Years with Eisenhower. By CAPTAIN HARRY BUTCHER. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

It seems now to be the fashion for favoured courtiers to get the first lick of "top secret" revelations. First came Ralph Ingersoll, with his unofficial apologia for General Bradley; now Colonel Malone and Alan Moorehead are simultaneously revealing in rival Sunday papers the secrets of the 21st Army Group.

I had feared, before I opened it, that Captain Butcher's diary would perform a similar service—or disservice—to General Eisenhower. But, having read it from cover to cover, and re-read the most important section which deals with the planning for the North African campaign, I was relieved.

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expurgated jottings of Harry Butcher, C.B.S., executive and old friend, selected by Eisenhower for his qualities as boon companion and encouraged to keep a topsecret diary. The diary has been shortened but not edited. It still contains a vast mass of boring trivialities, jumbled together with fascinating sidelights on strategy and politics. Fortunately, Captain Butcher is neither a politician nor a writer. He records, literally because unintelligently, the stream of business which flowed through Eisenhower's office, and his diary is a faithful, if extremely erratic, reflection of the General's daily routine. Almost every famous Englishman or American comes on the stage, but no characters emerge—Butcher has not the art for that—except the character of the Headquarters itself. We have the feeling that we, too, were there, thumbing through the pile of papers in the In and Out trays of the Commander-in-Chief; listening-in to his conferences without ever quite understanding what they were all about, and then late in the evening staying behind to play with his dog, have a drink with Micky and a bull session with Ike. From this limited point of view *Three Years with Eisenhower* is an important historical document.

The net impression is of a man who perfectly expressed himself in the organisation which he created. Roosevelt and Churchill preached Anglo-American unity, and increasingly, as the war went on, betrayed it in their behaviour. Eisenhower articulated it in the organisation of A.F.H.Q. Algiers, later repeated, not so successfully, in S.H.A.E.F. In his own personal life he became *the* Anglo-American. He was given a unique job and the job made him unique, a disinterested yet human point of equilibrium between his nationalistic commanders in the field and the intrigues of the politicians in Washington and London. He became, in his own limited sphere, both an arbiter between two nations, because he alone could fuse their conflicts into a practical policy, and a scapegoat for every mistake committed by those from whom he received, and those to whom he gave instructions. He made the European victory possible because he created an instrument which resolved Anglo-American conflicts into Anglo-American planning, policy and administration.

Captain Butcher's diary reminds us how unnatural Anglo-American unity is. Until the formation of A.F.H.Q. every strategic disagreement—and they were numberless—was always a national disagreement. The Americans, for instance, wanted a second front in France: the British wanted the campaign in North Africa. And each disagreement produced hectic backstairs intrigue and personal bickerings. When Eisenhower first met the Russians in Berlin, he remarked to Butcher "that American and British relationships with the Russians were about at the same stage of arm's-length dealing that marked the early contacts between Americans and British when we Americans first got into the war." It is almost certain that if the British and Americans had decided to fight the war with the type of international Headquarters which now rules a defeated Germany, Anglo-American unity would have been as unreal as quadripartite unity now is in Berlin. American chiefs-of-staff and British chiefs-of-staff, State Department and Foreign Office, American supply agencies and British supply agencies, could not have resolved their conflicts without a surrender of sovereignty and the acceptance of complete executive integration in the field. At the end of the war, Eisenhower urged that Roosevelt and Churchill should propose to the Russians an integrated Control Commission. But the British and American governments were both determined, now that the war was won, to resume the sovereignty which they had surrendered in order to win it.

This was not the only occasion on which a wise proposal by Eisenhower was turned down. When Mussolini fell, and for a few hours "the soft underbelly of the Axis" was really soft, Eisenhower and Macmillan, according to Captain Butcher, advised an immediate approach to Italy. The Italians should be offered peace with honour, provided that they would complete the overthrow of Fascism, and fight the Germans. After four days' delay, the Prime Minister and the President offered the Italians Unconditional Surrender! Then to rub in the lesson that a soldier should keep his nose out of politics, they bitterly criticised Eisenhower for broadcasting that bombing had been stopped to give the Italians a chance to prove themselves good democrats by rising against their oppressors. Italian resistance stiffened, the German divisions streamed into Italy, and when at long last the unconditional surrender was signed and the Allied troops landed at Salerno, the psychological moment had been missed. No wonder Captain Butcher notes that Eisenhower "regretted the existence of rapid communications" which enabled Roosevelt and Churchill to determine policy.

Even more illuminating are Captain Butcher's jottings on the background of the Darlan incident. His diary reveals that three weeks before the landings in North Africa, Murphy was in touch both with Darlan and with Giraud's spokesman, General Mast. On October 17th Eisenhower received approval from the American and British Chiefs-of-Staff, and a personal commendation from Mr. Churchill, for his decision to appoint Giraud Governor of French North Africa, and Darlan, Commander-in-Chief of French Forces. On October 23rd Eisenhower happened to meet the King, and was surprised to be asked by him whether he thought G or D more reliable. This convinced him that the British Government was fully aware of the secret negotiations with Darlan; indeed, Churchill apparently said to him, "Kiss Darlan's stern if you have to, but get the French Navy." Murphy must have been negotiating separately with the two groups, since Butcher records that General Clark, at his secret rendezvous by submarine, found Mast distrustful of Darlan, and unwilling to co-operate. However, the negotiations with Darlan continued until at least October 25th, when Eisenhower was anxiously awaiting a reply from him. Then comes one of the irritating gaps in Butcher's diary. The next reference to politics is two days before D-Day at Gibraltar. Eisenhower now is reckoning only on Giraud. Presumably the Darlan negotiations had been interrupted. Then, on the morning of D-Day, Eisenhower is relieved to hear that Darlan will, after all, negotiate. The final agreement, signed on November 17th, is identical with that approved by Churchill on October 17th, except that the positions of Giraud and Darlan are reversed.

When the British public, who had never been given an honest explanation of the facts, began to protest, Eisenhower sent his Foreign Office adviser, Mr. Mack, back to London to ask for the promised support of Churchill. Butcher records that Mr. Mack returned "weak at the knees." Apparently the Prime Minister had begun to see the advantages of an Anglo-American scapegoat.

Captain Butcher's diary strengthens the view that the Darlan affair was an extremely efficient piece of political warfare, justified as a temporary expedient. What was wrong was not the deal with Darlan, but the cowardly disowning of it under popular protest, and the subsequent policy of fighting Gaullism by supporting every reactionary element. Captain Butcher provides plenty of evidence that this policy, which very nearly produced civil war in North Africa, was

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expressly ordered by Roosevelt, despite the strongest representations from A.F.H.Q. Once again Eisenhower silently took the blame for the obstinacy of the old men. Then, when de Gaulle, thriving on the disapproval of London and Washington, established himself as the French leader, Eisenhower had the task of restoring good relations. Much the same story was to repeat itself in the invasion of France. A sane Anglo-American policy was evolved by Eisenhower and his staff despite the violent prejudices of Roosevelt and Churchill.

In dealing with France, Italy and Germany, Eisenhower's record is one of failure. He was sensible, but he was not sure of himself, and therefore willing to be overruled by Washington and London. When at last he achieved a realistic policy, it was usually too late to redress the damage that had been done. His successes—and they were many—were in Anglo-American relations. Playing his allotted role of the bluff soldier, he was able to sidetrack all of Churchill's ill-fated excursions into strategy except the Anzio landing, to steady an erratic President and to prevent actual warfare breaking out between Bradley and Montgomery. His statesmanship—for that, despite Captain Butcher's determination to make him a fighting soldier, was his real quality—makes some of our professional peace-makers look pretty shabby.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

NEW NOVELS

You Forget So Quickly. By ASHLEY SMITH. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 8s. 6d.
Time is a Cheat. By ERIC MUSPRATT. *Duckworth.* 7s. 6d.
This Good Company. By STEWART HUNTER. *Nicholson and Watson.* 9s. 6d.

Reading three undistinguished new novels this week, I have wondered at the present fashion for pretentious titles. By placing a complete sentence or an extensive quotation at the head of his work, an author does not disguise but rather accentuates the inadequacy of the text beneath. I should be glad to see a revival of the use of proper names and abstract nouns; what dignity there is in the sound of such titles as *Persuasion* and *Mansfield Park*, and how empty and impertinent in contrast is the impression given, for example, by *You Forget so Quickly* and *Time is a Cheat!*

You Forget so Quickly begins well, and then steadily deteriorates, so that when judging it as a whole one is inclined to be unfair to a part of it. The setting is a Borough Council office in the East End of London, near the docks, and the theme, the effects of the Munich crisis on the clerks working there. At first it seems that Mr. Ashley Smith will be successful in recapturing the desperate hesitations of that week; the early pages of his book are bitterly nostalgic. However, he soon spoils the initial effect by over-writing, and towards the end one is tempted to skip the long extracts from contemporary newspapers which precede each chapter. Again, there is promise that the clerks will be convincing and interesting; the back-chat in the office is very well done, and some subtle distinctions in feeling and thought are admirably described. But the principal characters have labels attached to them in the first chapter which stick to them all through the book; the author follows each to his home, explores his mind, but never succeeds in amplifying the short description with which he has provided him at the beginning. At the point when it becomes apparent that the characters are not, after all, going to live, the book loses its value, and degenerates into a sermon at times embarrassingly hysterical.

This novel is also seriously marred by untidy writing. Here is a typical extract:

> Their grey courage palpitated in the air of the streets. So people ran hither and thither, wrote letters and 'phoned, seeking shelter, not for themselves, but for those they held most dear. Their darting to and fro, their hasty arrangements, was not panic, it did not deserve contempt. In the grey calamity of that day it was courage—a new courage lifting its head amidst a grey disaster of a world that seemed to be plunging its head into destruction.

Notice here the ungrammatical "was" in the third sentence; the meaningless "grey" which appears three times; the word "head" used metaphorically twice in the same sentence, at first attributed to "courage" and then to "world"; and that irritating abbreviation "'phoned." This carelessness is often ridiculous; on another page Mr. Smith writes about the "clerical work of the clerks."

You Forget so Quickly, however, *is* worthy of serious consideration; it has some good things in it, and is written with a genuine humanity and pity which one can only respect.

Time is a Cheat! tells of the life and travels of Big Bill Smith, who is described by Mr. Muspratt as a "sailorman." It is written entirely in the following style:

> Her figure, dressed most elegantly in quietly harmonising shades of brown, seemed a gracious perfection of womanhood. She swayed floatingly towards him. Her face was radiant as a bejewelled crown upon that glorious throne. The pale eyes and hair shone with incredible loveliness. Was it his own dream of womanly beauty that his gaze reflected?
>
> "Sybil. . . ."
> "Willy. . . ."

Discipline, taste and originality are completely absent from the writing of this book, which contains a good deal of pretentious philosophising, and a preoccupation with Manhood and Virility which reads like a cruel parody of D. H. Lawrence.

I can imagine *This Good Company* being made into a dull film. Yet another life-story, it deals with a Scotch artist called John Strang, his experiences in Holland and Glasgow, and the women with whom he comes into contact. The idea behind the book is that Strang has potential genius; Mr. Hunter being an indifferent writer, the reader is naturally never convinced of this. The treatment is exhaustive and the writing painstaking, but occasionally uncertain, as when the author opens a chapter with the sentence "November it was."

FRANCIS WYNDHAM

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CHUMANN: "*Devotion.*" Webster Booth, acc. Moore (H.M.V. B9497).

EBER: "Softly Sighs" (*Der Freischütz*). Joan Hammond with Philharmonia Orch., cond. Tausky (H.M.V. C3510).

We have had to wait a long time for a first-class cording of a Mahler symphony (the issues of the *inth* and of *Das Lied von der Erde*, though the rformances leave little to be desired, have some of e faults of concert-hall recording). The *Fourth* is e easiest to take in of Mahler's symphonies; it is mparatively short and simple in construction, while e tunes are ravishingly beautiful and touching, in eir romantic evocation of the lost paradise of child- od. (A very cosy paradise, be it said; without rs or thorn-brakes.) The essential Mahler is all re, although the strife and tragedy of the *Sixth* and *venth* symphonies find no precedent in the *Fourth*. have heard several performances of the work in this untry, but none which united technical accuracy with appreciation of the spirit of the music. The latter for some mysterious reason, peculiarly hard for non-ennese to capture; and the problem is not made sier by Mahler's always original and fascinating, t often very eccentric, orchestration. There are ssages in all of these symphonies (the development ction in the first movement of the *Fourth* is a case point) where there *seem* to be no middle parts, so t, if the conductor lacks the authority of absolute derstanding, the whole texture crumbles away into dismal confusion of squeaks and grunts. With uno Walter, however, there is no question of this: om beginning to end of the work one is enchanted the sly combination of strength and delicacy with ich he handles this very complex score. The strumental playing is superb, the tempi are exactly ht, the sections admirably knit together. The cording, too, is of very fine quality—clear and minous as an expensive prism. I have only two iticisms to make of this enviable issue: the recording s been made at rather too consistently high a level, that a real pianissimo is seldom, if ever, attained; d the soprano solo in the last movement has given e to a bad bit of miscasting. I have no fault to d with Miss Desi Halban's voice, *qua* voice; but sounds far too mature and fails entirely to suggest the innocence and pathos so absolutely desiderated by the words and music.

The new issue of Beethoven's *Fourth Piano Concerto* has caught Artur Schnabel in particularly fine form: the beauty of his touch and phrasing is memorable, and the passage-work has a transparent glitter which is far indeed from the smudgy eccentricities one has associated with his playing in the past. He takes the concerto at a spanking pace—a good deal faster, I seem to feel, than is at all usual, and certainly faster than Gieseking, whose recording, however, still remains valid, by reason of the aristocratic elegance of his performance. In spite of a little roughness here and there (*e.g.* side 4), the new set is agreeably recorded, and Issay Dobrowen has secured an orchestral performance of outstanding vigour. On the other hand, Mr. Schnabel's playing of the Mozart *Rondo in A minor* seems to me horribly insensitive. Comparison with the old Paderewski disc will at once make this point clear. It is an enigmatic—even profound—little piece, this Rondo, quite elaborate in content and in the working out of its basic idea. The prevailing emotion is a reflective sadness, and this mood cannot be sustained for a moment if the rhythm is as heavily and unyieldingly accented as it is here. This music must glide along, not *stump*.

At last a really satisfactory recording of Grieg's *Piano Concerto!* I have no hesitation in pronouncing the new issue an improvement on that of Moiseiwitsch—not to mention the catastrophic Rubinstein set. Miss Lympany is the ideal pianist for this kind of music, and she delivers the solo not merely brilliantly, but with a good deal more sensibility than she generally displays. The second subject of the first movement is perhaps a little sentimentalised, and there are moments when I could wish the rhythm tauter; but the recording is well up to the highest modern standards, with plenty of recession and an excellent balance. It may be that I am wrong, but I have the impression that the recording of the *Peer Gynt Suite* No. 2 is on the harsh side, compared with that of the concerto. The suite itself has never been as popular as the first, and there are good reasons for this; but one is glad to have it all the same, especially in view of the dramatic effect liveness of the performance.

To be quite frank, I find it very difficult indeed to judge between the two most up-to-date issues of the "Unfinished" Symphony—the Decca set, conducted by Anatole Fistoulari, and that listed above. Both have negative virtues: in neither is the first movement hurried, nor is the famous second subject irritatingly spotlit; and the balance in the second movement—at several points a matter of some difficulty—is in both sets about equally good. The Decca recording seems somewhat coarser than the Columbia; but in general I would advise prospective buyers to listen carefully to both sets, for their decision is likely to rest on personal taste rather than on technical disparities.

According to Tovey, the overture to Weber's early opera, *Rübezahl*, is "one of his finest compositions . . . as effective as any concert overture in existence." While failing to see sufficient reason in the music for such praise as this, I admit that the oboe tune is characteristically beautiful and that, on its return at the end of the piece, the scoring (for brass ensemble) is both original and daring for the date at which it was written (1811). For the rest, the overture seems to me a goodish example of early romantic flurry, very efficiently played and recorded.

"Street Corner" is an entertaining caricature, worthy to be put beside Ireland's *London Overture* in the gallery which houses Vaughan Williams's *London Symphony* and Elgar's *Cockaigne*. The mood is flippantly poetical, established by some cheeky phrases which lend themselves *de tout cœur* to woodwind imitation and even to a fragment of contrapuntal writing. This amusing piece, and the *Giselle* suite, well display Constant Lambert's special abilities as a conductor of light music. Both recordings are good—resonant without boxiness, and giving full, clear volume without fuzz in the tutti; but of the two I prefer *Giselle*, since the music conduces more happily to recording. Perfect ballet music, it can be listened to with pleasure outside the theatre, just because its movements evoke—as modern ballets so seldom do—the steps and gestures of dancers. *Miracle in the Gorbals* rarely attempts to do that, but as music this suite has other qualities which make it worth recording. True, the "Resurrection" dance is not nearly as exciting here as it is when one can see the fluttering hands of the dancers; but the duet of the lovers is a charming thing, the epilogue sombre and eloquent. Unfortunately there is some roughness in the recording of this last side.

The Beethoven *Quartet, op.* 18, *No.* 1, requires no comment: it is simply the reissue of a deleted, but still excellent, recording.

William Walton's motet, composed for the unveiling of the memorial window to Sir Henry Wood in St. Sepulchre's, Holborn, is an extremely beautiful piece of choral writing, serenely moving in effect and admirably sung. The powerful passage at the end of side 1 is badly over-recorded and unpleasant to listen to—a fault emphasised by proximity to the centre of the disc, where tone quality always tends to deteriorate; but the quiet conclusion of the work is most imaginative, the diminuendo realised with a beautifully steady tone. The musical, as distinct from the literary, process of thought in this motet is not

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